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TOPICS OF THE DAY

Hoover at Mid-Term

TWO YEARS IN THE WHITE HOUSE have taken their toll from Herbert Hoover.

The once chubby face begins to show deep lines; the hair is grayer and thinner.

So the observant Washington correspondents report as the half-way mark in the Presidential term brings the inevitable stock-taking, and the estimates—friendly, hostile, or judicial, as the case may be—of the White House occupant and his achievements.

We have to scrutinize these estimates, of course, with their political backgrounds well in mind. Here an independent Republican paper like the Seattle *Times* proclaims that "the country as a whole looks upon the record made with a feeling of satisfaction." And there the Democratic Atlanta *Constitution* makes the statement that "President Hoover stands to-day as the most pathetically stript personality in his high station that the country has looked upon in many years."

One thing all agree on is that these have been two difficult years.

With the next Presidential campaign only a little more than a year away, there is plenty of politically motived praise from Republican party leaders, and plenty of similarly motived criticism from Democratic spokesmen.

Rockier and Steeper

—Pease in the Newark "News."

PERHAPS a clearer picture of the present status of the Administration is painted by the Washington correspondents, who with their varied constituencies in mind observe the President at close range.

Of course, they have different views and reach different conclusions. And yet we find certain conclusions very generally repeated in the Washington dispatches dealing with the President's first two years. For instance, there is unanimous agreement on a certain "deflation of Hoover." This is attributed in part to the reaction from the "superman" myth, to the inevitable effect of hard times, to a certain political weakness found in the President, to an inability to dramatize himself and his accomplishments. He is charged by a number of writers with either real or apparent lack of leadership.

However, some of the observers find a "new Hoover" emerging at this time, with a new spirit of aggressiveness and combativeness. A distinct record of achievement is noted in both domestic legislation and in the field of foreign policy.

The physical effects of these two difficult years are widely emphasized. Here, for instance, is the way Kirke Simpson, Washington reporter of the Associated Press, describes in the Washington *Post* the way Herbert Hoover carries the marks of his "two years of terrific stress":

"The mark is to be seen in the new lines etched deeply into his face. It shows in the thinning, swiftly whitening hair.

"These are the price of power; the inescapable tribute that he who holds the Presidency must pay to nature for the crushing weight of responsibility endured day and night, waking or sleeping.

"Yet, despite these tokens of the strain of his office, the skilled eye of his physician finds Mr. Hoover, after two years in the Presidency, a better man physically than the bulkier, less careworn Hoover who assumed his new duties on that rainy March 4 of 1929.

"Persistent exercise, enforced against his natural taste, has cut away surplus poundage that might be dangerous in a man of his years and habit. Rigid restraints upon diet have helped.

"And, probably most of all, the fleeting week-end relaxations in his fishing-camp amid the Virginia hills, with hours given to the silent self-communion that goes with rod and reel, have helped to keep him braced for the ordeal of the Presidency."

TRUE, the Presidency "has taken a physical and mental toll" from Herbert Hoover, and has brought him "a world of heart-breaks and disillusionment," but, says Frederic William Wile, in the Washington *Evening Star*, "the certainty that Herbert Hoover is a candidate to succeed himself is the best evidence that while he has undergone a merciless succession of disappointments and discouragements, he is far from inclined to throw up the sponge"—

"A recent caller, who had not seen him at close range for some time, was asked in what respect he found the President most changed. 'He wears a fighting face now,' was the reply. A good many observers have formed the same impression. It justifies the prophecy that Hoover's next two years are going to be combative years, and conspicuous for a spirit of aggressiveness that was sporadic, rather than habitual, in the past."

The President is frequently charged with "political ineptitude," but, continues Mr. Wile, "the cold facts are that the President has scored about as many bull's-eyes with Congress as the average Chief Executive marks up":

"Considering the character of the so-called Republican majority in the expiring Senate, the Administration had astonishingly good luck with its legislative programs.

"Mr. Hoover beat off the export debenture in the farm-relief fight.

"He got his way on the flexible tariff.

"He put through his naval treaty.

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"He effectuated his schemes for reorganization of the veterans' administration and Prohibition enforcement.

"He thwarted attempts to strip him of authority over expenditure of the emergency Federal construction fund.

"He won his fundamental points on drought relief.

"He has come out on top—to date, at least—in his tussle with the Senate over the Power Commission.

"All this is no inconsiderable showing for a President whom his detractors are fond of depicting as a babe in the political woods. It stacks up formidably against rebuffs like the bonus."

PERHAPS a little less complimentary is Douglas Gilbert, who pictures in *The World-Telegram* of New York City, how "Hoover

As His Critics See It

"Surely Not the Work of a Great Engineer!"

—Parrish in the Nashville "Banner."

rounds the turn of the term with trouble ahead, trouble behind, and few rooters in the grandstand." Mr. Gilbert finds Mr. Hoover's legislative accompiishments extremely moderate, "not very inspiring." In this observer's opinion:

"Hoover's attitude from the start has been defeatist, and he maintains that attitude to-day.

"He is quick to defend instead of to challenge.

"He lacks vigor.

"A strong man personally, an admittedly great private organizer, an ardent champion of individualism for the twenty-four months of his incumbency he has tried, unsuccessfully, to be the safe and sane Calvin Coolidge.

"When I saw him recently at a White House press conference his graying hair was scantier, his complexion ashen, his face a little flabby—disturbing to one who recalled the round, good-natured, reasonably affable engineer-candidate in 1928. It is said that he is dieting and exercising too severely.

"But his aspect is not unhealthy; it is his political liver that is bilious.

"It is politics that is disturbing him. A tyro at the game, he is beset with the difficulties that bedevil the amateur. He refuses the advice of the professionals, and is making the mistakes of the political novice.

"Hoover is a supreme instance of the shackling difficulties that enslave all men in office in that same system—a system that requires fence-straddling reconciliations before voting constituencies rather than regard for principles.

"To sum up: a clearly impartial, unbiased and disinterested survey of the President in his two years of office is, that like a pitcher in a hole, he is 'in there trying.'"

"HOOVER Faces Crisis as Half Term Ends," is the head-line the New York *Times* puts over a long dispatch from its experienced Washington correspondent, Mr. Richard V. Oulahan. Mr. Oulahan uses up a couple of columns of newspaper space to summarize the attitude of the pro-Hoover and the anti-Hoover people. One group gives the President credit for being "able to prevent our economic depression from being a worse slump than we are experiencing," for striking achievements in the international field, for courageous vetoes, for excellent appointments, for much legislative accomplishment. The other group insists that all the President's triumphs have been negative—"that where he has won his contests with Congress it is almost entirely in knocking out things proposed by others, and not in carrying through policies of his own." Mr. Oulahan similarly balances those who say the President has broken physically and those who insist that he has a wonderful capacity for quick recovery from weariness or depression. This correspondent does note the apparent fact "that while one day he shows the wear and tear of the strenuosities of his office, on the next day he looks like a man in the pink of condition, and full of good humor and mental and physical 'pep.'" But at best, concludes Mr. Oulahan, "these next two years will be hard years for the man in the White House, and the scratchings of the hair-shirt may be even more irritating" than in the first half of the term.

THE history of these two years, writes Edwin G. Pinkham of the Kansas City *Star*, "is the history of the most remarkable reaction the annals of American politics afford." There was a feeling two years ago, we read, that the country was embarked "under the leadership of a superman" on a new era of prosperity. And here we are in the midst of depression, and the political fortunes of Mr. Hoover are at such a low ebb that there is "some doubt as to whether he can be reelected."

Why? Well, in the first place, there was a fatal reaction from the superman idea. Then it was found that Mr. Hoover "wasn't a politician." And thus it was that Mr. Hoover "disappointed the expectations of the country on the one ground, and his party on the other." In the third place, Mr. Hoover doesn't know how to use publicity.

Then, there was the economic depression. Mr. Hoover did much to soften the blow to American business. But "nothing could soften the blow" his own Administration had to take; "it had to take it both from a disillusioned country and from an exulting opposition party."

Again, the Prohibition chicken "came home to roost." In taking the dry side, Mr. Hoover probably did the obvious thing, but in so doing "he stept out of line with his party in some of the big Eastern industrial and wet States that his party must carry for him if he is to be reelected."

Then came the falling away of the Progressive Republicans who had supported him in 1928. Writes Mr. Pinkham:

"As a result of the steady disasters, economic and political, that have overtaken him, it has become almost an axiom that Mr. Hoover can't get a 'break.' It is said that last fall he remarked to a visitor that everything had happened to him that could happen—and the next day the Brazilian Government, which he had been supporting with arms, fell. It serves to illustrate that for bad 'breaks' the Hoover Administration has had unexampled and consistent ill-luck.

"But in spite of his political troubles and the weight of his work vetoing bills, Mr. Hoover is not unhappy nor discouraged, and manages to find surcease from trouble in varied personal and social activities. While Mr. Hoover doubtless is disappointed at the turn of events in the first half of his term, he does not take a gloomy view of the prospects of the second half now beginning. He has unbounded faith in the soundness and recuperative powers of the country; and his unbroken success in every other job he ever undertook certainly has not operated to diminish his confidence in himself.

"The first two years of his Administration have been the years of the Great Reaction. But it would not be inconsistent with the strange and often unforeseen processes of American politics if the next two should see a reaction equally great in his favor."

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Roosevelt Slaps the Tiger

A WHITE-FACED, MILD-MANNERED MAN of seventy suddenly finds himself the center of the fight raging over New York's civic scandals.

He is the Tammany District Attorney, Thomas C. T. Crain, a veteran jurist, whose removal is demanded because of "incompetent, inefficient, and futile" conduct of his office.

As the Democratic Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt ordered an investigation of the District Attorney, evidences were piling up that the metropolis, after seeing scandal after scandal dragged into the open, is "getting mad" at last.

A move is launched, we read, to unite Protestants, Catholics and Jews in a protest against civic conditions "and for an appeal to the Governor to rid the city of corruption."

Heywood Broun, columnist of the New York *World-Telegram*, plans mass meetings to organize citizens "against corruption and ineptitude in the city administration."

Still another move looks to the formation of a committee of 1,000 to bring about the city-wide investigation which the State Legislature failed to sanction.

In the midst of this excitement, New York's dapper Mayor, James J. Walker, departed for California, ordered by his physician to take a vacation. He was half-way to the coast on the day the press announced a plan by the Society for the Prevention of Crime to bring about his removal.

What effect his action in ordering Mr. Crain on the carpet may have upon Governor Roosevelt's future as a potential Democratic Presidential candidate is the subject of much speculation in the press. Some editors view his action as a break with Tammany. But others say it is hardly that.

As for the case against Mr. Crain, he seems to have got into trouble because, in the words of Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, he was "gently spraying rose-water" when New York's affairs "needed deodorants such as carbolic acid."

Charges against the District Attorney were filed with the Governor by the City Club. "Puerile and ineffective," said the club, was the District Attorney's investigation of the Magistrates' Courts, which later were found to be the center of a system of graft and corruption. And—

"He has created a large number of committees on various subjects, the seeming purpose of which has been to divert public attention from his own failure to enforce the criminal law.

"He has brought the administration of the criminal law in this county into disrepute by misleading statements with respect to criminal charges, indictments or prosecutions involving crime alleged to have been committed in this county, in many matters, including:

"The Rothstein murder case; grafting in the department of purchase; the Pathé studio fire; probation bureau fraud cases; crimes connected with the Board of Standards and Appeals; illegalities in connection with dock leases; magistrates' court scandals; employment-agency inquiries; building-department permit matters; Wolfmann bogus lawyer revelations; Crater case; teachers' pay racket; fraud in relation to freight and delivery business; dock racketeers, and bail-bond illegalities.

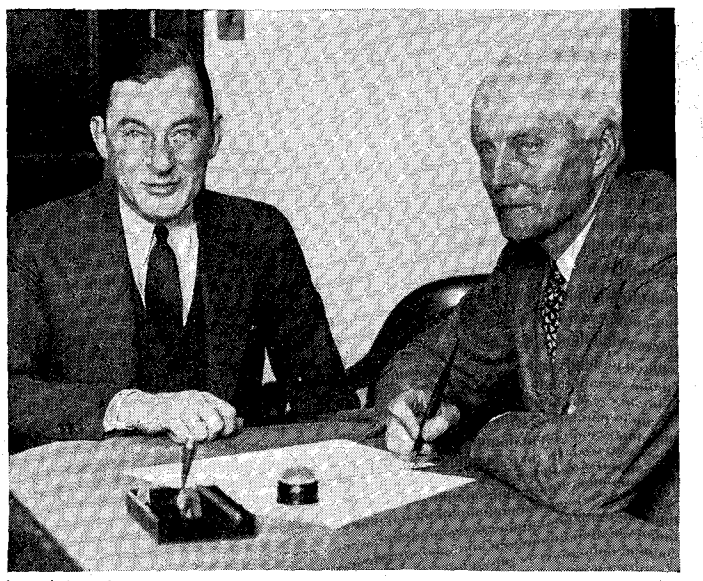
"And in the matters referred to in this paragraph, and in many other instances, he has procrastinated and failed to investigate vigilantly alleged crimes or prosecute criminal acts arising therefrom, and in many instances has assumed a semblance of activity only after other agencies had aroused a public opinion which he could not wholly ignore."

To investigate the District Attorney's office, Governor Roosevelt names Samuel Seabury, who has been exposing evil conditions in the Magistrates' Courts.

To many papers, including those that say he should be ousted, Mr. Crain presents a pathetic figure. Pointing to his "reputation as a good citizen and a competent jurist," the Republican New York *Herald Tribune* notes that he was nearing the age of retirement from the bench when he "permitted Tammany to name him for District Attorney"—

"His age and his disposition seemed to disqualify him for an office requiring abundant energy, alertness, and bulldog tenacity in pursuing malefactors. But Tammany, desiring anything but efficiency in this vital post, thought to trade on an honorable reputation."

Altho the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle* says "Governor Roosevelt's move to oust District Attorney Crain is a heartening first step in the direction of cleaning up the numerous scandals that have disgraced New York during the past two years," the New York *Evening Post* asserts that "it is not the forthright, vigorous move against general corruption which the Tammany administration of this city's government demands."



Acme photograph

Storm Centers of New York

Mayor James J. Walker (left) and District Attorney Thomas C. T. Crain. The latter faces ouster charges.

Outside papers take a somewhat different view.

For instance, the Philadelphia *Record* says that Governor Roosevelt is "defying Tammany," and the reason, it says, is—

"Because the people are sick and tired of having the government of their great city made a plaything of corruptionists, racketeers, exploiters of vice. . . .

"Tammany's structure is likely to be well shaken, after its long and insolent defiance of the inert public.

"Franklin D. Roosevelt has 'started something.' Something it will take a strong man to finish. Momentous political consequences attach to his courageous move."

One result of the Crain inquiry is that the Governor's action complicates the campaign to make him the Democratic nominee for President, we are told by Clinton W. Gilbert, Washington correspondent of the New York *Evening Post*. Moreover—

"The scandals in the Tammany government of New York are likely to make the delegates to the Democratic National convention hesitate to choose a candidate for President from the political life in New York State."

However, the Boston *Daily Globe* has another idea:

"If one of the results is a decided separation between Tammany and the Governor of the State of New York, and if there is wide realization of the fact, the influence on future political events may be profound.

"Mr. Roosevelt appears distinctly on the side preferred by the country.

"It is to be remembered that both Samuel J. Tilden and Grover Cleveland were nominated for the Presidency because they were anti-Tammany."

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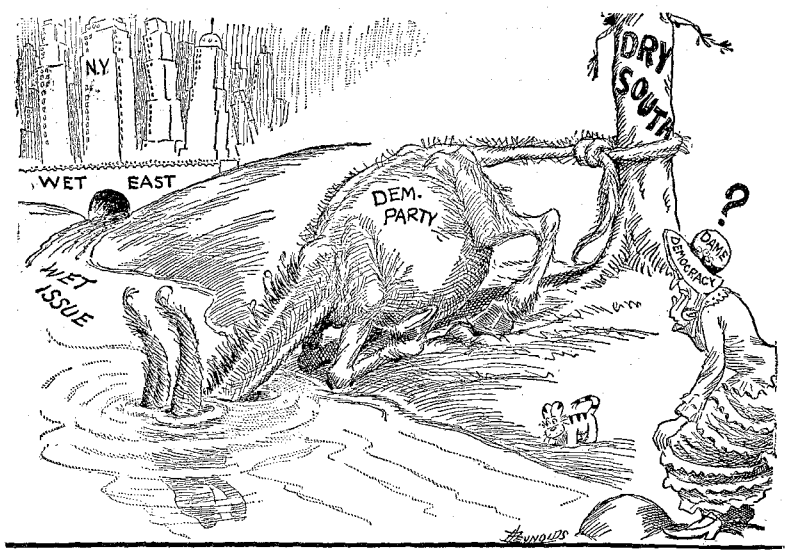
Raskob's Bomb

AS A BOMB-TOSSER, that quiet, gentle little Democratic Chairman, John J. Raskob, knows how to rock the country.

Quietly he prepares the charge, gently he lights the fuse, and then, calmly ignoring the shrieks of warning and bellows of rage from all sides, he almost shyly drops his dynamite box under the Democratic donkey.

But he doesn't run away. He and the donkey face it together.

As the blast roars, one expects to see both blown sky high.



Dry at One End, Wet at the Other

—Reynolds in the Portland "Oregonian."

But they aren't. Nicked here and there, perhaps, and a bit frazzled, but they emerge quite sound—and extremely lively.

This bomb of Mr. Raskob's was, of course, his "home rule" liquor plan, to modify the Eighteenth Amendment for State control of alcohol, which he put before the Democratic National Committee in Washington on March 5.

At once, dry leaders in the party smashed back at their chairman. Wet leaders rallied to his defense. Hisses, boos, jeers, yells, and cheers filled the hall, and for a time the outburst "bordered on the riotous."

Almost before the meeting had ended, the press took up the fight, and it is growing hotter every day.

Thus we have "the beginning of a revolution inside the Democratic party, which will keep on until the next Democratic convention, and perhaps afterwards," says David Lawrence in one of his Washington dispatches, and he predicts that "when it is all over the Democrats will find themselves committed not to repeal but to revision of the Eighteenth Amendment."

And Mark Sullivan, another conspicuous Washington correspondent, agrees that "any fair estimate of the outcome of the first battle would indicate that progress has been made in the wet direction."

IT will be recalled that a week or so before the National Committee convened, the story went around that Mr. Raskob had determined upon an unprecedented action, that he was ready to demand a showdown on Prohibition, and force the Committee to make recommendations to the National Convention of 1932.

This brought a vigorous protest from the Democratic State Committee of New York, on the ground that only the National Convention could voice the party's attitude on any national question. The action was said to have been inspired by Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt, "a mild wet," and a prominent possibility for Presidential candidate next year. The Governor, tho wet, was said to be alined with Southern leaders, and thus, as the correspondents point out, we had the strange spectacle of Tammany and Southern drys pulling together.

How Mr. Raskob set off the fireworks by the quiet delivery of his long address, which he read, is told by a Washington correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun*. True, his speech covered a wide area, ranging from social reforms, with a five-day week for labor, to legal immunity for good mergers, and a permanent tariff commission policy—

"But it was his proposal for a home-rule plan for dealing with Prohibition that set off an explosion that seemed for a time to shatter the party structure.

"The fact that he had anticipated a storm if he should ask an indorsement of his program, and had stated that no vote upon it was expected at this session, did not mollify the dry opposition An embattled Southern group stood ready to meet the challenge, and rushed into the fray the moment the national chairman had concluded.

"This group was composed of Senators Joseph T. Robinson, of Arkansas, minority leader of the Senate, Senator Cordell Hull, of Tennessee, and Senator Cameron Morrison, of North Carolina, with others less articulate, but none the less militant, in the background.

"The three Senators, each in turn, lasht into Chairman Raskob and figuratively dismembered him while their partizans from the dry States loudly applauded.

"But the drys were not to have it all their way.

"They might roar from both the right and the left, but there were Raskob champions in the group that filled the Mayflower assembly room, lots of them.

"Two of his partizans, Alfred E. Smith, of New York, and James M. Cox, of Ohio, both former Presidential nominees of their party, stood ready when the time should come to go to the support of the chairman. Meanwhile, the anti-Prohibitionists in the committee room burst into jeering again and again.

"And when the drys had exhausted their thunderbolts, former Governor Smith and former Governor Cox took up the gage for the national chairman, the former replying in stinging tones to both Senators Robinson and Morrison, while the latter in a speech as adroit as it was eloquent made the answer that seemed to leave the wets in possession of the field."

BUT it was a distinct victory for the drys, comes the retort, for no action was taken by the Committee.

That part of Mr. Raskob's address which caused the uproar reads:

"Prohibition: This problem will undoubtedly be one of the outstanding issues in the next campaign, and my recommendation is that the Eighteenth Amendment be not repealed, but that the Democratic party advocate a new amendment which will provide that nothing in the Eighteenth Amendment shall prevent any State from directing and controlling absolutely, without interference by the Federal Government, the manufacture, transportation, and sale of intoxicating liquors within its own borders, provided that the plan under which it proposes to do this shall first have been submitted to the people of that State and approved by a majority of them in a State-wide referendum; and provided further that this new amendment to the Constitution shall not be effective unless and until it is ratified, not by the legislatures of three-fourths of the States, but by conventions of the people in three-fourths of the States.

"In order to make sure that there is no misunderstanding, let me again state this recommendation.

"It is that this committee suggest and advise that the platform adopted by the next national convention shall contain a plank pledging the Democratic party to retain the present Eighteenth Amendment, and advocating a new amendment which shall not be a part of the Constitution unless and until ratified by conventions of the people in three-fourths of the States, and which amendment will provide that any State may thereafter direct and control absolutely the manufacture, transportation, and sale of intoxicating liquors for beverage purposes within that State,

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provided the plan under which that State is to do this is first approved by the people of that State in a State-wide referendum.

"This plan prevents the return of the saloon."

SOME of the results and possibilities ensuing from the meeting are sketched by the correspondents.

"Most of the Southern drys are somewhat resigned to the nomination of a wet candidate in 1932," writes Harold Brayman of the New York *Evening Post*, but it is the platform that worries them. "It would be hard for most of them to explain their nomination on a platform demanding revision of the Eighteenth Amendment."

Hence, "influential drys" are inclined to "work for an alliance with 'moderate wets' like Roosevelt to head off the Smith-Raskob extreme wet leadership," notes Theodore C. Wallen of the New York *Herald Tribune*.

To many observers, Mr. Raskob seems more firmly entrenched than ever, despite the bitter storm he has caused.

"It looks like a race between President Hoover and Governor Roosevelt" to G. Gould Lincoln of the Washington *Evening Star*, but the Washington *Post* says that, altho Roosevelt "is out in front now, there are no smart Democrats who are willing to bet money that he will stay there."

"The Raskob-Smith idea," writes George R. Holmes of the International News Service, "is that the projection of the fight at this time will eliminate some of the bitterness and the conflict in the convention."

What the Southern drys will do if the platform is wet, says Mark Sullivan, already quoted, "constitutes a major aspect of national politics containing the plain possibility of historic consequences."

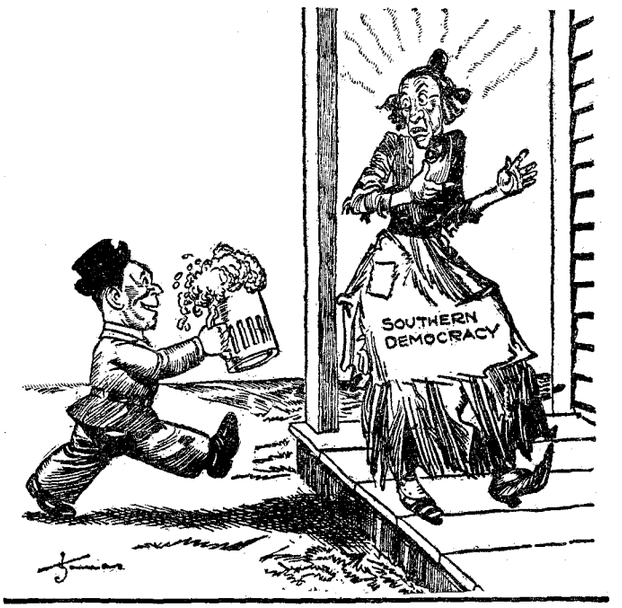
Many correspondents see Senator Robinson, who ran for Vice-President on the Smith ticket in 1928, emerge as the chief leader of the Southern drys.

A definite rift has developed between "Al" Smith and Governor Roosevelt, assert some writers.

As for the reaction of the Democratic press to Mr. Raskob's action, we find a wide cleavage. Some denounce the plan. Others

Music to His Ears

—Talburt in the Washington "News."



Mr. Raskob's Idea of Drought Relief

—Thomas in the Detroit "News."

uphold it. Many disregard it and plead for harmony. The propriety of Mr. Raskob's proposal is hotly debated.

Some Republican papers are gleeful over the quarrel, but others point out that that party is likely to face the same situation.

Altho many papers uphold Mr. Raskob's right to speak as an individual, a point strest by Mr. Smith, many agree with the New York *Times* (Ind. Dem.):

"The National Committee meeting was needlessly used as the stage for a dress rehearsal of the drama bound to come. The committee, having no authority in the matter of the party platform, was no place for the discussion."

THE Raskob plan is "an old dodge under a new name," asserts the Nashville *Tennesseean* (Dem.), and *The Arkansas Gazette* (Ind. Dem.) agrees that "State control would mean substantially a return to conditions that prevailed prior to the adoption of national Prohibition."

"The chief result that can be expected from the liquor plan," thinks the Memphis *Commercial Appeal* (Dem.), "is a continuance of the split in the Democratic ranks between the militant drys and wets," and the Norfolk *Ledger-Dispatch* (Ind. Dem.) declares:

"Mr. Raskob's explosion of his depth bomb again demonstrates his unfitness for the post of Chairman."

Leave the explosive Prohibition question to the national convention, is the plea of the Tampa *Tribune* (Dem.), the Mobile *Register* (Dem.), and the Roanoke *Times* (Ind. Dem.).

But now turn to the other side.

"Spectacular, but a healthy sign of vitality, the outburst of fireworks in the Democratic National Committee over Prohibition," thinks the Philadelphia *Record* (Ind. Dem.).

"Opponents of the Raskob plan will do better to challenge it with argument than to denounce it in frenzy," asserts the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* (Ind. Dem.), and the Richmond *Times-Dispatch* (Ind. Dem.) finds it "not easy to account for the inflamed opposition to the plan"—

"Recognition of Prohibition as the one issue that has 'got to be' is not political wickedness, but political realism," remarks the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot* (Ind. Dem.), and the St. Joseph *News-Press*, (Ind.) points out that the Raskob plan "has the advantage of being a definite concrete proposal—it puts a question before the House and debate is now in order." "Tho poorly presented," adds the Richmond *News-Leader*, "the plan is not to be put aside with an oratorical gesture."

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Our $10,000,000,000 Congress

THEY LAUGHED WHEN Speaker Longworth sat down at the piano.

Everything brought a laugh. Everybody was singing, yelling, cheering. The United States House of Representatives was having a fine time at its adjournment jollification, singing itself to sleep.

"Every remark was a funny remark, and had to be applauded," as Genevieve Forbes Herrick tells us in a Chicago *Tribune* dispatch.

Climbing to the top of a table, Representative Connery of Massachusetts "did a song and dance."

Representative La Guardia, "the pudgy New Yorker," led the scarlet-coated Marine band with such vigor that he broke a baton.

Representative Ruth Bryan Owen of Florida sang "Pack Up Your Troubles in Your Old Kit Bag."

Republicans joined Tammany Democrats in singing "The Sidewalks of New York."

If the country had asked for that radio favorite, "Give Me Something to Remember You By," the skylarking Congressmen might have tossed off "Three Little Words," which, in this case, would have been "Ten Billions Spent."

Over in the Senate things were different. There was no singing, but a tall, lanky, gray-haired man was rendering a sort of "Bye-Bye Blues" by talking the session to death. Holding up a pair of overalls, he charged that Congress had done nothing for the man who wears that garb. Beaten in his efforts to have conditions in the oil industry investigated, Oklahoma's Democratic Senator Thomas stuck to his filibuster to the very end, we read. Thus he strangled the maternity, copyright, and immigration bills.

GENERAL SCALE OF FOOD PRICES TO THE CONSUMER
SHE'S CUT CLEAN TO THE ROOTS— AND STILL SHE WON'T FALL!
3% REDUCTION SINCE LAST DECEMBER
THE FARMER
FARMER'S PRODUCTION PRICE
OLD MAN MARKET DEPRESSION
EVANS

Page Professor Einstein!
—Evans in the Columbus "Dispatch."

ALTHO he was on the spot and watched it die, President Hoover never will know that the Seventy-first Congress is dead, so far as official notification is concerned. That formality also was blocked by the Thomas filibuster.

But the President must have been relieved, as several editors remark, to have the Congress that came into office with him two years ago pass into history, leaving the prospect of nine months of legislative peace. Thirteen old members will be missing from the Senate when the new session convenes, we are told, and the House will be minus eighty.

Of the $10,249,819,215 expenditures which give the Seventy-first Congress distinction, $199,310,597 was voted in the first session, the correspondents point out; $4,872,401,096 in the second, and $5,178,107,522 in the last.

Major enactments include the Hawley-Smoot Tariff act and the Agricultural Marketing act creating the Federal Farm Board.

Appropriations included $500,000,000 for the Farm Board; $116,000,000 for emergency construction, and $65,000,000 for drought relief. Another outstanding piece of legislation is the Veterans' bonus-loan bill, which President Hoover says will take $1,000,000,000 from the Treasury.

As the Seventy-first Congress passed, many papers were singing its praises—for adjourning. But others find cause for sincere praise of its accomplishments.

On the one hand, we have those who agree with the Omaha *World-Herald* that it was "a futile Congress"——

"It functioned—after its fashion—during a period of economic emergency, national and international, that called for the highest order of political skill, leadership, and wisdom. Of these it provided none. Its contributions to the solution of pressing problems were futile where they were important, and harmful where they were greatly important."

But, on the other hand, many papers agree with the Chicago *Daily News* that "all things considered, the record of the short session in point of actual achievement is by no means discreditable." Other editors go so far as to assert, with the Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette*, that the Seventy-first Congress "made a notable record."

The Paradox of the Pretty Package

"AN ALARMING tendency toward the monopolistic control of the food of the nation by a small group of powerful corporations and combinations."

So reports the subcommittee on prices of food products of the Committee on Agriculture and Forestry, headed by Senator Capper. "This is particularly true as to bread and milk. . . . Within the past few years the absorption of independent bakers and milk distributors by gigantic, nation-wide corporations, holding companies, mergers, and chain enterprises, has been carried forward with amazing rapidity."

MANY an article of food is sold at retail for a price six or eight times it cost to produce, admits the Hartford *Times*. Yet it would require a school of super-economists and sympathetic legislators to solve the problems and the paradoxes of the present situation, exclaims the Syracuse *Herald*, blaming the pretty package and the buying public, which seems to prefer high prices to low.

"We are living," it remarks, "in an era of fancy and more or less costly packages and containers, such as were undreamed of in the '*mauve* nineties'." The beguiling wrapper affects the whole economic structure of the country:

"We have been cultivating more expensive tastes, if not in food itself, then surely in our requirements in the line of food packaging and merchandising.

"If we consider this social and economic evolution in conjunction with the big mergers of food-distributing companies, which not only cater to this more fastidious popular demand, but know how to capitalize it for the production of large dividends, the mystery of high prices to the consumers without a corresponding advantage to the farmers—the growers of raw material, so to speak—virtually disappears.

"So we must ascribe a good part of the unfair phenomenon to the mass of the consumers themselves.

"Their progressive taste for food prepared in the clever modern ways has opened up a big opportunity for the food corporations, but the farmer has had to be content with the lamb's share of the pickings."

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TOPICS IN BRIEF

WELL, the bandit business seems to be holding up.—*Ohio State Journal.*

THE return of prosperity will, in a manner of speaking, upset the apple cart.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

"OPERA is not dying," says THE LITERARY DIGEST. The last one we heard sounded like it.—*Southern Lumberman.*

IT is said that many modern novelists write entirely for their own pleasure. We gladly accept the explanation.—*Punch.*

THERE are archdukes and grand dukes all over Europe now, but the shooting of one of them would never start another war.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

"MORE and more people are having their ears pierced," says a jeweler. So many of us have neighbors with daughters who fancy themselves as vocalists.—*The Humorist.*

NOW people are suggesting that Will Rogers run for President. And we always thought that Will was one man without enemies.—*Judge.*

A "LAME DUCK" doesn't use a crutch or anything. That isn't where the lameness is.—*Everett Herald.*

IT might be remarked in passing that the world is bossed by men who couldn't work a ninth-grade algebra problem.—*Publishers Syndicate.*

AH, well; there also seems to be considerable indulgence in other things prohibited several thousand years longer.—*Sumter (S. C.) Item.*

"THE world is so full of a number of things, I'm sure we should all be as happy as Kings," wasn't written by Alfonso of Spain.—*Louisville Times.*

SOME of the prominent Democrats are getting ready to have harmony, even if they are compelled to punch somebody in the nose to get it.—*Indianapolis News.*

WE do not know whether the secret of longevity is hidden somewhere in the item which said a woman in Roumania died at the age of 126 years, "after she had called in a doctor for the first time in her life."—*Boston Herald.*

The Price of Silver Is Said to Be Falling

—Shoemaker in the Chicago "Daily News."

PROHIBITION may not have made it much harder to get a drink, some places; but it has made it much harder to drink it.—*Tampa Times.*

THE advent of the automobile put an end to sleigh rides, but the gangsters promptly utilized it for their slay rides.—*Southern Lumberman.*

MR. MELLON compares the bonus with all sorts of financial disasters, while some of the veterans compare it bonus, melior, optimus.—*Tampa Tribune.*

To some of the shoe repair men who recently met here in convention it seemed as if Chicago's political conscience needed to be souled and healed.—*Chicago Daily News.*

UNTIL Einstein makes up his mind whether the universe is static or dynamic, we are maintaining as best we can the attitude of the mental innocent bystander.—*Detroit News.*

WE read that a duel between two German students, in which both were slightly wounded, was a matter of only three minutes. And, of course, a couple of seconds.—*The Humorist.*

IT has been said that, if you do good work, it will grow after you are gone. Thus Rubens left only some 2,000 pictures, but there are 10,000 of his pictures in circulation now.—*Punch.*

CHICAGO'S beer industry has certainly boosted that city's bier industry.—*Louisville Times.*

COME, come, Mr. Mussolini, a man is no bigger than the things that make him mad.—*Detroit News.*

IT is so quiet in Wall Street these days you could hear a pin drop. And, of course, it would drop.—*Judge.*

A DOCTOR says he often wonders how much sleep the average man really wants. Just another five minutes!—*Passing Show.*

WELL, if those smart young fellows keep removing the bunk, pretty soon there'll be no place for a biographer to lie comfortably.—*Boston Herald.*

AN instrument has been invented that measures to the 5,000,000th of an inch. It should be useful to a motorist trying to find a place to park his car.—*Passing Show.*

SCIENTIST finds that the radio voice is weaker when the moon is at full—a hitherto unsuspected beauty of moonlight.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

ANOTHER puzzling thing is why the speed cop, after winning a jolly race, always seems so mad about it.—*Altoona Tribune.*

ANOTHER thing the country needs even more than a good five-cent cigar is a burning issue that will produce light instead of heat.—*Louisville Times.*

WE never really understood why Niagara was so popular with bridal couples until we read in an information column that it signifies in Iroquois "Place of the neck."—*Boston Herald.*

AMERICAN movie theaters are now being established in darkest Africa. We can remember way back when the big idea was to civilize the darkest Africans.—*New York Evening Post.*

THE Supreme Court has upheld the liquor law again. The country is pretty well convinced, now, as to the quality of the law. But something should be done about the liquor.—*Topeka State Journal.*

AL CAPONE has worn blue, gray, brown and green on four appearances in court, but the public is eager to see him in stripes.—*Indianapolis Star.*

THERE should be a dandy opening some twenty-five or thirty years hence for an enterprising group of young writers to go to work rebunking history.—*Detroit News.*

A PROHIBITIONIST says the Government's new system of treating alcohol is neither immoral nor illegal. No, it's simply a matter of bad taste.—*Southern Lumberman.*

THERE may be faculty changes in the school of experience from time to time, but the professor in charge of grade-crossing affairs remains on the job.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

EGGS are so cheap that a man still pays 15 cents for one shaken up by a dapper youth in a little milk, which is so cheap that a man pays 15 cents for a glassful with an egg in it.—*Boston Herald.*

DR. MILLIKAN, the scientist, has resumed his experiments in California to determine the speed of light. All we know is that it usually gets here too soon in the morning.—*New York Evening Post.*

THE Department of Agriculture's announcement that there are more sheep in the country than ever before is another item of information which Wall Street had already discounted.—*Virginian-Pilot.*

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FOREIGN COMMENT

Half a League Onward Toward Peace in India

THOUSANDS OF POLITICAL PRISONERS are walking forth from the jails in India, freed by the Gandhi-Irwin accord, which arranges a truce in the civil-disobedience campaign against British rule.

This is only the first contingent, we are told, of a total of 25,000 prisoners. With the liberation of them all, it is noted, the British will be relieved of the enormous cost of feeding their political foes.

The agreement followed conversations between Lord Irwin, the Viceroy, and Mahatma Gandhi, and it provides that the civil-disobedience campaign be abandoned, and that the Congress party agree to cooperate with the British Government.

Wide World photograph

"Move On—and Don't Detain Yourself!"

Something like this was the order of the police in Calcutta when they broke up a demonstration staged during the observance of Indian Independence Day.

Other outstanding features of the agreement concern picketing and boycotting.

To foreign onlookers these questions are rather puzzling, but now, we learn from New Delhi Associated Press cables that—

"Picketing will be kept within the normal laws of the country, which allow any citizen to discourage by peaceful means the sale of liquor, narcotics, foreign cloth, or any other commodity, just as in any other country.

"The boycott, which is not punishable under the normal laws of India, will be directed against foreign goods, not necessarily British products, with the object of promoting native Indian industries.

"All repressive measures and extraordinary laws and ordinances especially promulgated to deal with civil disobedience will be withdrawn.

"The truce signed to-day to some extent is of a temporary character.

"It assures Nationalist participation in the forthcoming second Round-table Conference, to be held in India, but Gandhi has said that if the Nationalist demands for Indian autonomy in finances and military matters are not granted by Britain there, his followers will begin anew their agitation for separation from the British Empire."

BUT one of the most striking features of the agreement, it appears, is the permission given to the coast villagers to collect salt for their own use. It will be recalled that the civil-disobedience campaign began with Gandhi's "salt rebellion."

A vivid picture of the scene in which the Anglo-Indian truce was made is afforded by a copyrighted Associated Press dispatch from New Delhi, in which we read:

"No more fantastic setting or atmosphere for a peace conference could be imagined than that in which these midnight pourparlers occurred.

"Rain was pouring down in torrents upon the Viceregal Building, which, with its darkened windows and grim, gray tower, resembled a tomb more than a palace of peace.

"A fierce gale was howling through New Delhi's deserted streets. Not a human figure moved through the black night.

"From the clock-tower of a neighboring British church came the doleful tolling of two o'clock, while prowling hyenas and hungry dogs whined through the cold, wet night.

"Suddenly the puny, white-clad figure of Gandhi emerged from the huge stone gate of the Viceregal Palace, resembling a specter in a dream rather than a human being. The Associated Press correspondent, the only newspaper man on the spot, asked:

"'Will you sign an armistice to-day?'

"'Better ask the Viceroy,' replied the Nationalist leader, and thus the news of an agreement came from others than him.

"With that the crooked-legged little man, who had brought the British Empire to terms, started on a six-mile walk over darkened, water-soaked roads to Old Delhi, where lie the remains of potentates who ruled India before the British came.

"In the pelting rain he held a huge black umbrella over his bare head, resembling a Lilliputian under a canopy.

"Arriving an hour later at his house, Gandhi plunged into a long conversation with his Cabinet from the Congress Working Committee, which, despite the fact that it was already 3 A. M., had waited patiently throughout the night for the tidings from their leader.

"The weary Mahatma was happy over his achievement. He threw himself upon his coarse straw mattress on the stone floor, and snatched a few winks of sleep, but he was up again an hour later for his regular morning prayer.

"It was noticed that he remained upon his knees longer than usual, and his devotees declared that the Mahatma was offering special thanks for vouchsafing peace to unhappy India.

"Far from being exhausted by two successive midnight conferences, the frail ninety-three-pound leader arose from his prayer and plunged immediately into piles of accumulated correspondence and telegrams."

A CABLE-POLL of the English press of all parties taken by THE LITERARY DIGEST shows a division of opinion among the Conservative journals on the probable outcome of the Indian settlement. Naturally, the ultra-Conservative London *Morning Post* laments "the lowering of British prestige," and it says:

"Gandhi's prestige obviously has been greatly raised. He rejected constitutional methods, and planned a campaign of disorder and illegality which brought him, in a little more than a year's time, into negotiation on equal terms with the Viceroy.

"Gandhi abated nothing in his demands for 'complete independence' and elimination of British rule.

"We note, however, that the right to 'peaceful picketing' remains. We also note that a surcharge of another 5 per cent. on cotton duties is considered a deadly blow to Lancashire, and we can not but suspect that the increased duty was an inducement to withdraw the boycott.

"Nevertheless, 20 per cent. is an immediate improvement on total prohibition, and in the face of this material gain there is

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an impulse to 'take the cash and let the credit go, nor heed the rumble of the distant drum.'"

On the other hand, the Conservative London *Times* asserts that there has been no surrender of any vital, or, indeed, of any important British or Indian interests to extremist elements of the Indian Congress party, and still less to those outside it. The so-called concessions on constitutional lines by the Viceroy are relatively unimportant and immaterial, according to this daily, which proceeds:

"There is no question that a better spirit was created by Lord Irwin's incredible patience and courage. He very properly rejected the demand for public inquiry into the conduct of the much-enduring Indian police force, which request was prudently withdrawn by Gandhi.

"The advantages of the settlement can hardly be exaggerated. Civil disobedience has been abandoned, the Congress party agrees to cooperate, and, moreover, the special boycott of British goods definitely has been removed.

"Mr. Gandhi, who was the chief Apostle of the boycott on British goods, announced that if the agreement anywhere is broken, even by 'unaggressive' picketing, he will suspend the offending district. Permission given to the coast villagers to collect salt for their own use seems to have excited more comment than it deserves.

"Critics forget that the practise of making salt for local and individual use was tolerated by the authorities during the war over long stretches of the Indian coast, and still is tolerated in places. Many good judges doubt whether the salt concession will in practise cost the country a single rupee."

Naturally the Labor press sharply contradict the caustic critics among Conservative editors. Thus the London *Daily Herald*, semiofficial organ of the Labor Government, declares rejoicingly:

"The Delhi agreement is a great victory—not a victory of the Viceroy over Gandhi, not a victory of Gandhi over the Viceroy, but a victory won by them jointly in the cause of common sense. The Tory die-hards, faithful to their tradition of being always incorrigibly wrong, shout 'Surrender,' and prophesy disaster just as they did a quarter of a century ago in South Africa, just as they did ten years ago in Ireland.

"But fortunately for Britain in India, they were powerless for any but vocal mischief. There will be die-hards, too, in India, but we are convinced that a great majority in both countries will welcome not merely with relief, but with enthusiasm, this triumph of common sense."

For all its enthusiasm *The Daily Herald* is astute enough to emphasize the fact that the Indian problem is not yet completely solved, and it explains:

"This is not yet a settlement, but it is an opportunity for settlement.

"The task still ahead is not an easy one, but the Delhi agreement is an earnest that both sides come to it in that spirit of cooperation and common sense which is an essential condition of success."

The Liberal Manchester *Guardian* naturally considers the effect of the agreement upon Lancashire's cotton trade and, therefore, offers only lukewarm praise in view of the continuance of the boycott.

Trade naturally will improve with cessation of political disturbances, *The Guardian* concedes, however, and "fanaticism and excitement that recent events fostered give place to a quieter and more reasonable attitude toward political progress."

Cynically this famous Manchester journal finds greatest satisfaction in believing that Lord Irwin stole the thunder of the Congress representative. It argues:

"The Congress would much rather demonstrate against the Government than make its own Government. Lord Irwin forces it to do the latter by denying it any real reason to do the former.

"And in making its Government India will become the nation it so often asserted it is. The Congress cooperation at the Round Table means Indian independence, because it means a new politically conscious India will be giving form to its own aspiration, not howling against foreign domination.

"Unfortunately the Round Table work is dull compared with civil disobedience. And there is always the danger of a breakaway. Therefore, the only really dangerous thing to concede India is a grievance.

"Whatever the new constitution contains, it must not contain grievances. Responsibility for finance involves risks, but nothing like the risks involved in feeling India ought to have responsibility for finance and hasn't got it.

"It is the achievement of Lord Irwin to have robbed India of grievances. In that he has shown great statesmanship."

The Liberal London *News-Chronicle* makes the startling declaration that the settlement is of wider significance than a mere truce between Britain and India because—

"The whole relations of the East and West hang upon success or failure here. Between these two, India is the natural interpreter.

Wide World photograph

The Mettle of Indian Women

In all, eighty-three women were arrested in Calcutta for taking part in an Independence Day demonstration. Here they are seen being taken to jail in police cars—some of them with babes in arms.

"The fate of the world, the whole course of history, may depend upon the success of a policy whose aim it is to make her a friendly and understanding interpreter."

Gandhi's own view of the situation was communicated by him to newspaper correspondents at New Delhi. His goal in dealing with Great Britain, he is reported in an Associated Press dispatch to have said, is "complete independence—what the Indians call *Purna Swaraj*."

His plan for self-government with "disciplined rule from within" makes it possible for India to remain within the British Empire, but he also said, "our partnership with England must be on terms of absolute equality." Then he made a prophecy:

"Some of my associates believe British statesmen will never reconcile themselves to absolute equality for India.

"I may be a visionary, but I hold differently. I see the day when New Delhi and not Downing Street will be the center of the Indian nation.

"When we achieve independence it will not be under the British flag, but under a common flag.

"As a visionary I see the day when there will be no armies, but it will not come during my lifetime.

"It may take ages before even the Indian nature accommodates itself to having no Army.

"I fear no invasion by the Bolsheviks. If they are trying to establish a revolution in India, that presupposes that the Indian people are more gullible than they really are.

"In so far as there is good in Bolshevism, as I think there is, India will need no invasion by the Soviets to convert her."

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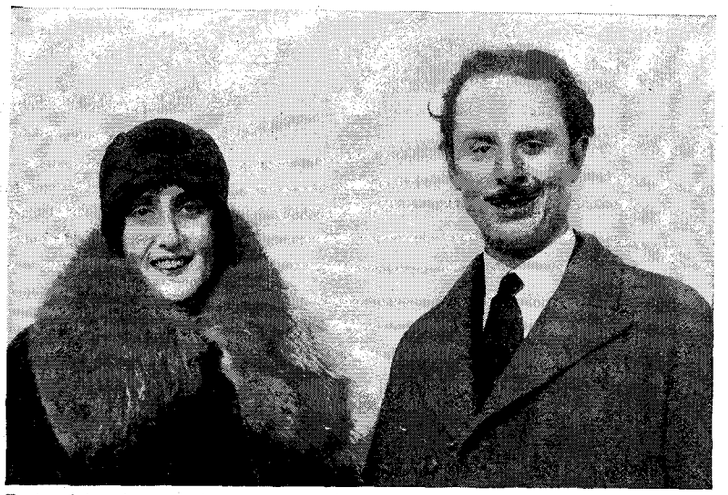
The Mosley Call for a Super-Cabinet

"A GOVERNMENT WITH THE GUTS to govern—that's what England needs in the present emergency!" The speaker was the beautiful Lady Cynthia Mosley, daughter of the late Marquess Curzon of Kedleston, granddaughter of Levi Zeigler Leiter of Chicago, and to-day, at thirty-two, a Member of Parliament for Stoke-on-Trent.

Tall, resplendently handsome, her "finely chiseled, well-modeled features" flushed by anger and excitement, Lady Cynthia was explaining to a huge London audience the merits of her husband's plans for a new party, plans recently enunciated in the so-called Mosley manifesto.

"As my husband says," cried Lady Cynthia in her beautifully modulated voice, "it is no longer a case of England's muddling through. If the present crisis is not solved, England goes under!"



Keystone photograph

"If the Present Crisis is Not Solved—"

England is doomed, declares Lady Cynthia Mosley, M.P. She and her husband, Sir Oswald, are projecting a new political party, putting control of England's affairs into the hands of a super-Cabinet of five men.

While his wife was answering the hecklers, Sir Oswald lay sick abed in the aristocratic home of the Mosleys in Smith Square, Westminster, planning a vigorous defense of the new party, which aims to put the control of England's affairs into the hands of a super-Cabinet of five men endowed with dictatorial power.

Seventeen Members of Parliament, seceding from the Labor party, have signed the Mosley manifesto. The new party has promised no less than 400 candidates.

As reported in the British press, the manifesto begins with a frank declaration that "it is impossible to meet the economic crisis with a nineteenth-century Parliamentary machine."

The main proposals in the manifesto, as summarized by the Belfast *Northern Whig*, are:

"An emergency Cabinet of not more than five Ministers, with power to carry through an emergency policy.
"A national planning organization to assist in the development of industry.
"Import control board for foodstuffs, and a guaranteed price for agricultural products.
"Trade agreements with the Dominions.
"Capital expenditure on an ambitious short-term policy of constructive works.
"Creation of a public utility organization to produce houses and building materials.
"Postponement of repayment of war debts."

THE Manchester *Guardian* derides Sir Oswald's new party as a "political fantasia":

"The stores of every party (Lord Beaverbrook's included) have been looted and combined with a selection of the practise of Soviet Russia, Fascist Italy, White Australia, and Mr. Ford's United States.
"Like the early Mussolini and the later Hitler, they would put the Parliamentary machine in the background, and, 'for a stated period,' give supremacy to a super-Cabinet of five, who will be subject only to the 'general control' of the elected representatives of the people."

Sincerity, ability and industry are the characteristics of Sir Oswald, in the opinion of the London *Daily Herald*. But the young aristocrat who inherited some 3,800 acres from his father, and is only about thirty-five, has not matured in political judgment, says this organ of the Labor party, which has expelled him for "gross disloyalty."

According to special cables received by THE LITERARY DIGEST, from London, Oswald Ernald Mosley remains an aristocrat to the core despite his Socialistic professions. Our cables describe him succinctly:

"Black, glossy, wavy, abundant hair.
"His face, thin, almost aquiline, is dominated by a great, hooked Roman nose.
"In profile he looks like a Spanish nobleman of the Middle Ages.
"Small, black aristocratic mustache.
"His manner is superior—almost boorishly so, some of his comrades think.
"Nobody would think of calling him 'Tom'—his nickname among his intimate friends—on short acquaintance. Nobody would mistake him for anything but an aristocrat.
"As an orator he was, until the last year, an excellent tub-thumper, speaking distinctly, with elaborate emphasis, and flowing, flowery phrases. But more recently his speeches have been colder, more calculated, closer to the point of results sought."

Russia's New Serfs

SOVIET WORKERS are serfs—no more, no less. This is the claim of anti-Soviet editors outside Russia. In these pages last week it will be remembered both the Soviet press and the anti-Soviet press in the Russian language were quoted about the much-discust question of "convict labor."

But now we hear from *Dni*, a moderate Russian Socialist weekly, published in Paris by A. Kerensky, former Premier of Russia's Provisional Government, that not only the exiles in Northern Russia are subjected to "convict labor." *Dni* alleges that all Russia thrives by "forced labor" if not by "convict labor," in the technical sense of the word. It is a country of state serfdom, according to this organ of Mr. Kerensky.

On December 27, 1930, this weekly says, the Soviet Government published in *Pravda* and in the other papers new decrees on labor. It is these decrees that have transformed Russia into a serfdom-state, and we read:

"These decrees have resuscitated that system of forced labor which was applied by Lenin in 1919, that is to say, in the years of war communism, and which, in 1922, was abolished.
"Their basic idea is this: the work of all Soviet citizens without exception belongs to the State, and on the Government's order this or that citizen must go to any place in the Union, and must work there in the institution in which he is told to work.
"A citizen's refusal to comply with orders is a crime punishable by law—unless it is justified by illness.
"Russian workmen are now being shipped, like serfs, no matter whether they wish or not, from Astrakhan to the forest region of Vologda, and thence to the Caucasus, and where not; if they refuse to go, they are deprived of 'food-cards,' in keeping with these decrees, that is to say, forced to starve. Man no longer belongs to himself; he is just 'the State's working animal.'
"If this is not state serfdom, we should like to know what is?"

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When Shakespeare Played Chess

THAT A PORTRAIT OF SHAKESPEARE painted from life could be among the possibilities of scientific demonstration is exciting news.

That such a portrait is owned in America is a fact to excite envy.

Mr. Frank de Heyman, Jr., of Brooklyn, New York, is the fortunate possessor of the portrait of the poet shown playing chess with Ben Jonson.

The picture, painted somewhere around 1602-03 by the Dutch master Karel van Mander, answers the tests of the X-ray as well as the scrutiny of art connoisseurs.

Publicity was given to its existence by its recent exhibition at the show of chess play by Champion José Capablanca at the Seventh Regiment Armory in New York, on the evening of Washington's Birthday, under the auspices of the National Chess Federation.

Ben Ready to Pounce

Ben Jonson and Shakespeare try conclusions at chess.

Mr. de Heyman, Jr., had previously submitted his data of tests before the Brooklyn Museum of Arts and Sciences, and the New York *Herald Tribune* reports on the findings:

"The picture, painted in 1603, is thirty and three-quarters inches high and thirty-eight inches wide, and, in spite of its age, still fresh and beautiful in coloring.

"It depicts the famous dramatist in a chess game with his rival, Ben Jonson, and is of the Neapolitan school of the seventeenth century, altho the composition is Dutch in character.

"The present owner and possessor, to get proof of the authenticity of the subject and painter, had it examined by the leading art connoisseurs and students of Shakespeare in this country and Europe. The steps taken show with what care every possible angle is considered.

"Altho the personal element in an artistic judgment is still of supreme importance, a really scientific examination may clinch the final check.

"The history of the Shakespeare painting is unusual. In 1878 Col. Ezra Miller, of New Jersey, purchased this picture of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, with documents to prove the authenticity of the subject and author—after having both picture and documents examined by competent experts—for $18,000.

"Unfortunately, during a fire in the Miller residence the documents pertaining to the picture were destroyed, altho the picture was saved. At Colonel Miller's death the picture passed into the hands of his son-in-law, and later into the possession of Mr. Frank de Heyman, Jr.

"According to standard practise in research, the picture was first X-rayed. The photograph revealed that it was a genuine original, and not an overpainted or restored canvas.

"There is only the one and original layer of paint, and no mixture of pigments of different age or other than that laid upon the canvas by the original painter are revealed.

"Sir Sidney Lee, a noted English authority on Shakespeare, considers the resemblance to the Chandos portrait, which, together with the death-mask, is the most reliable depiction of the dramatist, as evidence that the subject is Shakespeare.

"Prof. Alfred Chatain and Theodore Coe, art experts, both agreed that the painting could not have been painted later than 1640."

DR. PAUL WISLECENUS, of Darmstadt, reputed the greatest authority on Shakespeare in Germany, also a noted art critic, identified a signature in the upper right-hand corner as that of Karel van Mander.

This artist was of the Netherlandish school, who had a painting academy where Franz Hals was a pupil.

Dr. Wislecenus interprets the picture as "a playful allegory referring to the 'stage quarrel' between Shakespeare and Ben Jonson. This is shown by the inscriptions on the books that are used as decoration behind Ben Jonson." These do not come out in the photograph. The Doctor's identification is thus stated:

"Let us study the face closely, and then compare it with the death-mask.

"We will first take the mask in the same perspective as the face in the picture.

"The likeness between the two heads is remarkable. Let us superimpose the one likeness on the other. The lines of the head in the picture are drawn in red over the lines of the mask by means of gelatin glass.

"Now, here we have a mystery. The agreement of the heads is confined to the upper part only.

"On examination we find that the upper two-thirds of the face is painted in three-quarters full face, and the lower third in profile, to give the effect of being in motion. We cut off the lower third of the profile and stick it on a two-thirds three-quarter view of the face so that we have a combined mask.

"Now, again superimposing the face from the picture on this, we find that the one agrees with the other perfectly—coinciding from top to bottom.

"But we must go farther.

"From the three-quarter face photograph of the death-mask, let us cut off the left half, and from that of the mask in profile, let us cut off the right half and stick the two together.

"The result shows the exactitude with which Van Mander painted to be astonishing. The difference between the face in the picture and the one we have just formed is only that of age—which is correct—Shakespeare being thirty-eight when the picture was painted and fifty-two at his death, when the mask was made. But in the contours the two are exactly alike.

"We will take a cast of the death mask, made up in the two-thirds one-third manner to correspond with the face in the picture, and we will fill out the eye sockets, make the nose a trifle more perfect—as these parts have been affected by the weight of the plaster on the dead flesh—and we fix up the cast to give a more perfect mechanical reproduction, without regard to spiritual expression, and then paint in the 'local color' according to Van Mander's picture, ignoring the lights and shade, reddening the lips and nose, and putting in the stripe under the eye and on the cheek, and then we light it for the lights and shade.

"The result is startling. The two faces are identical.

"If we placed a hat upon it, with the light falling in the same

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direction as Van Mander did, we would have the exact reproduction of the face in the picture.

"And as a last step we will take the colored death-mask and sketch in the lines of the hair. Now let us again superimpose, by means of the gelatin glass, the lines of the face in the picture.

"Here we have everything so in agreement that it is absolutely clear that Van Mander painted with Shakespeare actually before him.

"He must have painted the poet from real life to have achieved such an exact tally between the portrait and the death-mask."

The American Inferiority Complex

ARE WE AMERICANS HAUNTED by our "supposed lack of culture"?

An Englishman, Alan Porter, thinks we are.

He softens the charge by adding that this reproach could never be brought against us except for the fact that we are so deeply convinced of its truth. "It is only when a man feels himself *parvenu*, that he behaves like a *parvenu*."

There we are; indicted by ourselves and by the Britisher.

Mr. Porter, writing in the London *Spectator*, is an ingratiating critic who tries to soothe with one hand while he castigates with the other.

He would not put us outside the English family; our problems are the Englishmen's also, but between us there is a difference of stress.

Now about our "inferiority":

"Every one who has spoken to a chance-met American must have been astonished at his wealth of information on science, on literature, on the arts, on every human interest.

"Yet this nation of encyclopedias still feels that it must be told what to like; is still apologetic about its lack of 'tradition'; still hurries to learn more and more in the hope of keeping pace with Europe.

"It is useless to say that true culture implies ease and the absence of any sense of inferiority. It is useless to say that true culture implies trusting one's own appreciations and seeing the world by the light of one's natural interests. The great American middle classes import thousands of lecturers, and listen to them all with strained attention.

"They gorge themselves on other people's opinions.

"It is almost inconceivable that a human being, given the opportunity of going either to a theater or to a lecture on 'Contemporary Esthetics,' should deliberately choose the lecture. But every evening in New York there are hundreds of lectures, discussions, and debates. People will even invite you to dinner and a lecture.

"With this pursuing demon, 'I must learn more. I must be as cultivated as my neighbors,' who can be at ease sitting by the hearthside—or the steam radiator—peacefully following up, in books or conversation, his own peculiar interests?

"Is it surprizing that in this democratic America there are many married couples where each partner is frightened to death that the other will reveal some social inadequacy or lack of cultivation? It is generally arranged that the wife shall have the duty of keeping the family's cultural flag flying; but even under this plan it is obvious that irritations and tensions will arise.

"Some day, perhaps, Americans will feel that they were born cultivated, and this useless problem will vanish.

"Really, there is a great muddle over sexual problems in America. To hear people talk, one would gather that the 'ancient Victorian superstitions' had been entirely abolished and that everybody was preparing to enter a golden age of promiscuity tempered by semipermanent partnerships.

"I do not believe that any nation talks more about sex than the Americans, or boasts more of openmindedness and a common-sense attitude. But the lives of Americans seem to tell a quite different story; a story of grave frustrations, embarrassments, and dissatisfactory attempts at hurried solutions. Here, again, I believe that the difficulties are caused by a conflict between the theory of equality and the fact of competition. Every one in America will agree that the sexes are equal. Most people will argue that equality has already been achieved. But the truth seems to be that the two sexes, on the whole, are very much frightened of each other."

Why Playwrights Leave Hollywood

THEY GO AND COME.

Visions of wealth and fame accompany the westward journey of playwrights toward Hollywood.

"Wheedled out to the coast, and provided with lavishly appointed offices, in which they languish for a few months, and then come East again without having been subjected to any exercise more violent than cashing their pay checks."

Thus Thornton Delehanty of the New York *Evening Post* introduces a personal confession he extracted from a disillusioned scribe, that goes well with some of the burlesquing to which Hollywood is subjected on stage and in newsprint:

"The authenticity of it can be vouched for since it reached these departmental ears from the person whom it concerns, and whose name, for diplomatic reasons, must be quashed.

"He is a well-known playwright, an eager, ambitious and hard-working fellow whose successful contributions to the theater brought him a movie contract back in the earlier days of the talkies.

"His experiences after reporting for duty at the coast studio parallel those of the unhappy Lawrence Vail in 'Once in a Lifetime.'

"It was a long period of neglect, of agonized chafing, of hopeful sallies on the studio executive who invariably told him to go back and be a good boy, that he wasn't forgotten by a long shot, and that he would be given an assignment as soon as the right story turned up.

"This went on for about four months, and then one day our playwright heard that his company had bought the rights to an Irish picture which they were going to rush through in order to beat out a rival producer who was bringing out a celebrated star in a picture with an Irish setting.

"It happened that the playwright himself was not only Irish-born, but that he was recognized as an authority on Ireland, its people and their customs.

"So he rushed delightedly to the studio chief and said: 'Sol, old boy, I see now why you've been holding me back all these months. It's a great idea, and I'm keen to get at it. When do I start?'

"Sol looked puzzled. 'When do you start what?' he asked.

"'Why, that Irish story,' said the playwright, whose name isn't Pat Murphy, but it might easily be.

"'Oh, that,' said Sol. 'Well, to tell you the truth, we've already assigned that one.' And he showed Pat the names of the writers, which ran like this: Jake Freeberg, adaptations; Ike Malinsky, dialog; Ben Bierhaus, continuity.

"'But I've got just the thing for you,' said Sol, handing Pat a manuscript from a pile on the desk.

"Pat looked at the title. It was a Jewish dialect play."

The Cover

CINCINNATUS, Washington, Calvin Coolidge—those who retire from great office often turn to modest occupation.

Washington, in retirement in 1783, is here figured as a blacksmith, assistant to the dusky figure at the forge, while the young members of the family, already appearing in Mr. Ferris's pictures, look on in wonder and delight.

The artist's note reads:

"Never had man more cause for serenity of mind and perfect gratitude in the hour of retrospection than Washington at that time (1783). He writes: 'Freed from the clangor of arms and the bustle of a camp, freed from the cares of public enjoyment and the responsibility of office, I am now enjoying domestic ease under the shadow of my own vine and fig-tree, and in a small villa with the implements of husbandry around me, I expect to glide gently down the stream of life.'

"His diary of March 6, 1783, reads, 'Fitted a two-eyed plough instead of a duck-billed plough, and with much difficulty made my chariot wheel-horses plough.'

"So writes this American Cincinnatus, like the Roman, Lucius Quintus Cincinnatus, who was cultivating a farm with his own hands when he was chosen consul and called to the service of his country. When the Society of the Cincinnati was formed, it took the name from this incident and its obvious parallel. Washington was its first President-General."

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A Good Word for the Talkies

WILL CHAPLIN'S "CITY LIGHTS" bring back the silent picture?

"Not if the makers of films have any sense."

This is the verdict of E. A. Baughan, film critic of the London *News Chronicle.*

London now has the Chaplin film and had Charlie himself, and no honors were too high for him. Fêted on all sides, visiting Chequers, the rural home of the Prime Minister, threatened with a knighthood, his reception approached that accorded to crowned heads.

But not even the reactionary Charlie can set the clock backward, if Mr. Baughan is a safe prophet.

And the reason?

"Charlie Chaplin is a law unto himself.

"He is a genius who can express more by merely lifting his old bowler or swinging his cane than an ordinary player can by speaking.

"If the world were full of Charlie Chaplins or Grocks there would be no use in making talking films; but, on the other hand, these great artists would no longer be exceptional.

"The temptation to reconquer the international market must be severely put aside. For the talking film, in its most modern compromise, has come to stay.

"In the old days of the silent film we accepted the convention of throwing printed speeches and explanations on the screen. We always felt that the ideal film should have no subtitle at all, but that is almost impossible to achieve. It limited too drastically the kind of story the film could tell.

"If you see a silent film, now, you wonder how in the past you could have accepted the convention of the characters speaking only in print.

"You may not be in love with the talking films you have heard, and may long for the days when you could be gently hypnotized by a series of photographs of action in which the most beautiful woman and the most gallant of men did not destroy your dream by speaking.

"But those days can not return.

"Dialog has given the film a new life.

"I may the more sincerely express this opinion, because I was not at first an unreasoning admirer of the talking film for the sake of its novelty. But I have now grown accustomed to photographs talking and, technically, sound-recording and projection have been so much improved that many of my objections have been overcome.

"There is, I think, a new and limitless field for this new art, and the success of one silent film should not induce a reaction. The question of international appeal must be solved, and is being solved, in some less drastic way."

MR. BAUGHAN is helped in his faith in the future of the talking film by the way it has reacted on the British film industry in general, and not even the prospective American net profit of $5,000,000 on "City Lights" disturbs British optimism, for the British see that the "coming of the talking film has cut out the international market."

With consequences:

"Great efforts are being made to produce films in several languages, but the United States is not such a good center for making international films as either London or Berlin.

"Then, again, there is the large question of recapturing the old public of the silent films who have by no means accepted talking pictures in America.

"Now that the novelty has passed, there is, I gather from the American trade papers, something of a slump in talking pictures. In this country, strangely enough, dialog has increased the prestige of our own films.

"I write 'strangely enough,' because that was by no means the intention of Hollywood. The success of Al Jolson in 'The Singing Fool' and the subsequent 'talkie' fever of Hollywood to race with that film caught us napping. Silent films in course of production were shelved. Our making of pictures actually stood still.

"Apparently we had lost the little market we had already gained. But in time it was found that our own actors and actresses, speaking English, were more easily understood here than the American language and voice.

"Moreover, we had, and have, the advantage of many talented stage players who have gradually learned the technique of film acting, whereas the famous stars of the silent film who made American pictures so popular here proved very disappointing when they talked. Some of them dropt right out of the firmament. This was not at all what Hollywood had expected.

"Nor was it found, as had been hoped, that talking films were cheaper to make than silent pictures. No doubt they would be if a film could be just a series of photographs of a play, but, after a few experiments, that way out was barred.

"Singing was introduced into serious films; elaborate musical comedies and revues were filmed; theme songs popped up in most unlikely places, and with strange effect on the drama of the films. Certainly, talking films were not cheap to make.

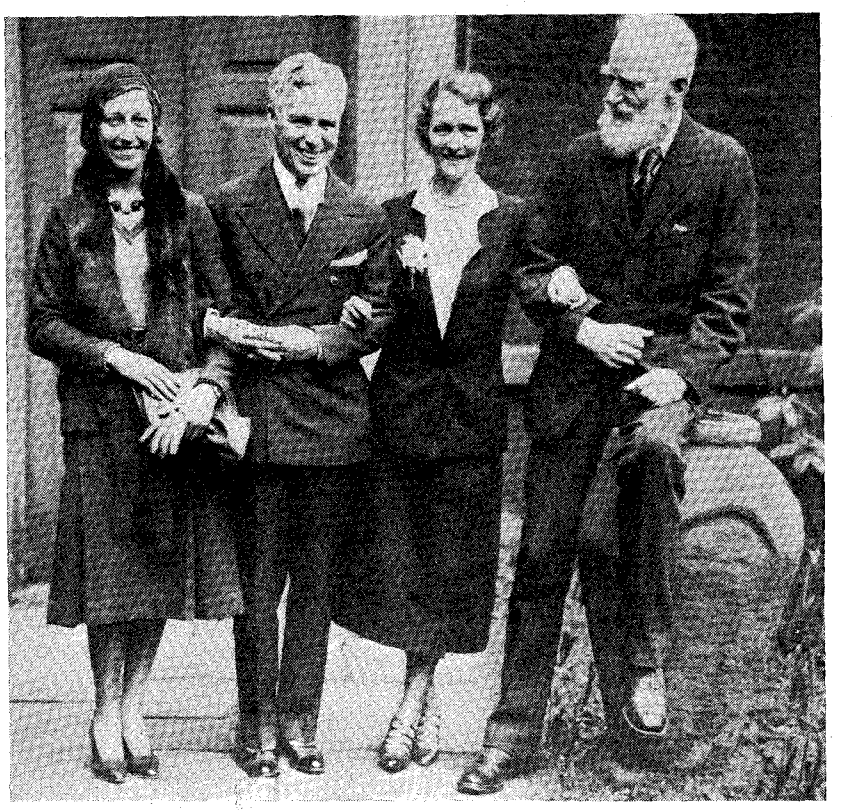
"Recently dialog has found its proper place, and in the latest pictures that have come from Hollywood it is sparingly used and only as an adjunct to the old film of action.

"The film version of 'Resurrection' and Cecil B. de Mille's 'Madam Satan' are good examples of the modern talking film. In each, action is shown which would be quite impossible on the stage, and the dialog helps and does not hinder that action.

"'City Lights' may very well raise the whole question of silent versus talking films once again, however, if only because the international market is so tempting."

The London *News Chronicle* calls Chaplin "the most famous man in the world," and adds:

"And realizing that, one can understand the sort of pride which leads him to refuse all truck with the 'Talkies.' Talk! Why should he talk? In what language can he express himself without lessening the supreme appeal that is his and his alone? He does talk; his every action talks; and in a language which old and young, simple and learned, and dwellers in every country under the sun can instantly understand. They may not understand each other; but they understand him. It is the great artistic triumph of the film achieved through the supreme master of its technique; perhaps, so far, its one great triumph. But what a triumph."



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Just After Luncheon at Lady Astor's

Honoring Charlie Chaplin are the aviatrix Amy Johnson (at the left), Lady Astor, and G. Bernard Shaw. Who do you suppose talked the most?

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Schweitzer—His Black Brother's Keeper

BARNSTORMING FOR GOD!

It would hardly be guessed of one of the world's greatest organists.

Yet that is what Albert Schweitzer does when he comes out of Africa to raise money for his work among the Negroes—barnstorms for God through Europe.

This man, an authority on, and an interpreter of, Bach, who has stirred thousands with his music in Westminster Abbey, in Paris, in Berlin, who is learned in the arts, and an authority on religious subjects, who is a surgeon and a physician, refuses to be anything more than "a poor Negro's doctor" in French Equatorial Africa.

And once the French made him a prisoner of war—this man who by the accident of birth was an Alsatian and a German subject, but who actually was but a simple servant of humanity.

Bishop Barnes of Birmingham calls him one of the world's greatest living men. He had the musical world of Europe at his feet, but he chose to go to Africa, to pit himself against pestilence, suffering, ignorance, for the Negroes' sake.

One has only to read the story of him by Hubert W. Peet, in *The Christian Herald,* to learn that Crusaders still ride.

Son and grandson of Protestant ministers, Albert Schweitzer was born in Kayserberg, in Upper Alsace. As a boy he always championed the unfortunate. Sickness and misery always wrenched his heart, and when he snuggled down between the blankets at night, he said a little prayer of his own: "And Heavenly Father, protect and bless all things that have breath; guard them from evil, and let them sleep in peace."

Courtesy of *The Christian Herald*

A Barnstormer for God

Dr. Albert Schweitzer, one of the world's greatest organists, who uses his genius only that he may be "a poor Negro's doctor" in Africa.

THEN there was his music. Suffice it to say here that at sixteen a teacher caught a flash of his genius, and the boy progressed until Charles Marie Widor, the great Widor of Paris, taught him all that the teacher knew himself.

At twenty-three, Albert Schweitzer was a doctor of philosophy, at twenty-eight organist to the Bach Society in Paris and to the Orfeo Catala in Barcelona. "Europe," we read, "came to look upon him as their greatest authority in the playing and constructing of organs. He wrote a life of Bach. He had arrived."

But one day the infinite sadness in a Negro's face in stone caught his eye. He resolved to study medicine, and in four years he was graduated. He and his wife, a trained nurse, went to Africa, and the writer tells us:

"When he got off the boat at Lambarene, he had as capital: a patch of forest (gift of the Paris Evangelical Missionary Society); a piano in a zinc-lined case (gift of the Bach Society in Paris, and his one great link with the life he had left behind); a heart of oak, and God.

"He had, also, the suspicion of the natives of Africa. These black men had seen whites before: they had been robbed of their timber and their oil, their freedom and their very lives, by the pale-faced men from across the sea. And here was another. . . .

"But almost before the ground was cleared for his new hospital, the missionary had dispelled their suspicions. The impression that he was an exploiter of their resources evaporated like snowballs in a noonday sun.

"He cured a little boy of sleeping-sickness, and the mother went wild with joy.

"He cured a hostile tribesman of dysentery, and the man sang his praises all up and down the Ogowe River.

"The news spread like a prairie fire: a white man, who said that Jesus had sent him, had come to Lambarene, and he could put you to sleep, and when you woke up, you were well. Fearful, outraged Africa took heart—and came. God was playing His melody—on men of ebony!

"It sounds easy. It wasn't. They had a lot of trouble at first.

"The patients persisted in eating the medicines he gave them; no matter what it was, if they liked the fragrance of it, they ate it.

"Then there was the matter of equipment. Surgical tools rust quickly in the jungle. Ether was hard to keep; and they had no place to operate. The only building they had in those early days was the Doctor's bungalow.

"But up on the hill above was a chicken-coop. They operated in that. An old camp-bed was the operating-table; most of the dirt they swamped with whitewash.

"There was plenty of overhead lighting, the roof was full of holes. The Doctor had to stop, whenever it rained, and bandage his patient till it was over."

NEVERTHELESS, he became a victim of the war, and was imprisoned by the French as an "enemy alien," he who was alien to nothing but human misery.

"But the minute they let him out of the camp in the Pyrenees, Schweitzer was at it again.

"He needed money; the work had to go on; his dreams for the African needed a firm financial basis.

"So away he went. Up and down and across Europe; lecturing in Scandinavia; playing at the Abbey; giving concerts in Germany, France, Italy. People listened to him, loved him, gasped, and saw him go. 'Barnstorming for God,' he turned their suspicions (he was still German, then) into love.

"He was the first healer of the nations to cross Europe after the bloody cataclysm of the war. And when he had nothing else to do, he published two more books: 'The Decay and Restoration of Civilization,' and 'Civilization and Ethics.'

"He scraped together every cent he could get; then he caught the first boat for Africa.

"His wife was sick, and couldn't go. But a young medical student at Oxford, Noel Gillespie, had caught a flash of the divine spark in Schweitzer, and went instead. In the hold of his ship was a motor-boat, to be used on the Ogowe. Two trained nurses and two Swiss doctors were following on another boat.

"He had money, helpers, new friends at home. He had fired the youth of Europe with his story. God was at the organ. . . ."

HE got the shock of his life at Lambarene; the jungle had reconquered his clearing; white ants had eaten up his hospital. And to top it all, a plague of dysentery had broken out. But—

"Schweitzer smiled, and took off his coat.

"He needed more land; he got it—from his late jailers, the French Government. He cleared that and his old site with only his convalescent black friends to help him.

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"Then came the buildings. A Roman Catholic mission down the river sent a white carpenter to boss the job; a commercial firm sent their black mechanic; his chief helper was the widower of an old patient, who could not understand figures, but had to be shown all measurements on a little piece of bamboo!

"They have done well, these builders for God and the Negro race. To-day in Lambarene you will find a little ward of ten beds for European patients; a larger native hospital with a dispensary, modern operating-room and laboratory of its own; a series of one-story wards stretching the length of two long streets.

"Down the Ogowe are the wards for the mental and dysentery cases. Maude Royden's congregation in Guildhouse, London, gave the insane ward; and therein lies a problem for the diplomats to settle: 'Which is best in the end: war, which nearly ruined the partnership of God and Schweitzer in Africa, or that strange love which makes a former "enemy" nation give a German a ward for his insane black brothers?'"

DR. SCHWEITZER is in Africa now. He made a flying trip to Europe, last summer, for a "rest," which he used in writing another book and raising more money for his hospital.

They tried hard to keep him at home, we read:

"Prague and St. Andrews universities made him an honorary doctor of philosophy; the city of Frankfort presented him with their Goethe Prize, which is awarded for distinguished service to humanity. Westminster called him again, and he played. Ramsay MacDonald sent for him to come to Downing Street and talk.

"But they couldn't hold him. Just before Christmas, last year, he went back. Schweitzer will die in Africa. For he can not die, happily, anywhere else on earth."

How to Let Youth Have Its Fling

IF YOU THINK it is only in this generation that youth has turned to crime, don't forget Cain and Abel.

That is the advice of Dr. George E. Kirchwey, Professor of Criminology at the New York School for Social Research and former warden of Sing Sing Prison, when speaking before the Rand School of Social Science in New York.

It is important, too, to note that Dr. Kirchwey says that the immigrant population is contributing less than its percentage share of American crime.

"There is nothing new about youth taking up crime," says Dr. Kirchwey. "The condition has always existed, only reformers and writers rediscover it from time to time."

The problem, as he sees it, is to supply an outlet for youth's adventurous spirit. As *The Presbyterian Banner* quotes him:

"The question 'Why has the United States, with a civilization equal to that of Western Europe, a so much higher crime rate?' is a general one to-day.

"The answer is that it is a natural product of the sort of civilization we happen to be enjoying at this time.

"There is nothing abnormal about it. In the past fifteen years robbery has increased tremendously, while burglary has steadily decreased.

"There are two factors in this phenomenon—the automobile and the automatic. Thus the progress of invention is a real factor in the change in crime.

"Europe is getting easy-going and unadventurous. The adventurers of Europe have come here. We're a rough-and-ready people, and if we want a pay-roll we take it. Similarly, in other walks of life, if we want a conviction, we get it.

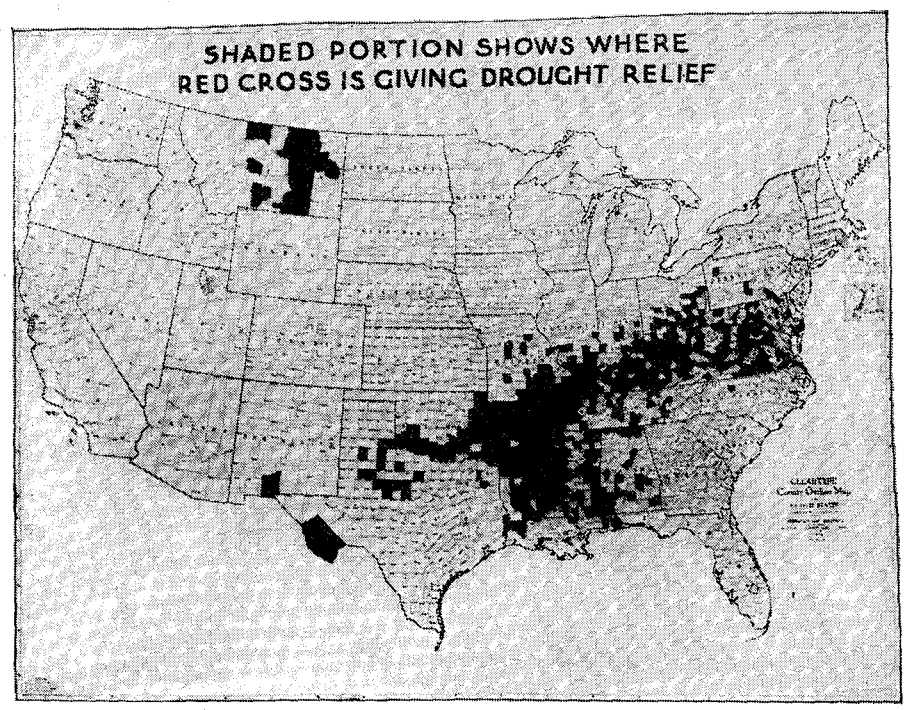
"We are capable of anything from adopting a new style of robbery to flinging a railroad across a continent. It is adventure we need, and the problem of supplying something for our youth better than supervised playgrounds is the real problem confronting us in the future of crime."

Back Yonder in the Drought Area

SEE—

Up there a brassy sky, with not even a shred of a cloud.

Over yonder a film of dust rises from the pasture as gaunt cattle shuffle along looking for a blade of grass.



Courtesy of *The Survey Graphic*

There a mare and her gangling colt seek shade where the leaves have lost their lusty color.

A buzzard wheels overhead.

For him it is a season of plenty.

But yonder in the cabin—

You reach it and find an emaciated family living on cornmeal and blue milk—and perhaps you know what blue milk is.

A skeleton cow stares at you from the fence; over in the field lies a dead mule.

"No, ma'am, we ain't hongry. We still got half a sack o' meal, an' ole Sukey ain't dry yet. There's folk worse off'n us. Now back yander in the woods. . . ."

It's the drought, whose effects are still with us.

The Red Cross is successfully undertaking the tremendous job of relieving it—the biggest relief operation the country has ever known in peace times, writes A. L. Schafer in *The Survey Graphic*.

Mr. Schafer is director of disaster relief. He has held various executive positions in the Red Cross.

THE drought problem, he tells us, is much different from that occasioned by the Mississippi flood of 1927, when 600,000 victims in seven States were assembled in convenient refugee camps.

The drought victims stay in their homes, widely scattered and inaccessible.

"Dulled and hopeless with misfortune, live stock gone, every resource exhausted, initiative killed, they sit and wait. Help must reach them, or starvation will."

People in twenty-one States are stricken, as you will see by the map.

But it is more than drought. That was just the last straw, Mr. Schafer tells us. For—

"Before the burning, rainless summer of 1930, this part of the country had suffered a series of crop failures and flood after flood. Modest accumulation of reserves had been eaten up.

"Then cotton dropt from twenty to eight or ten cents a pound.

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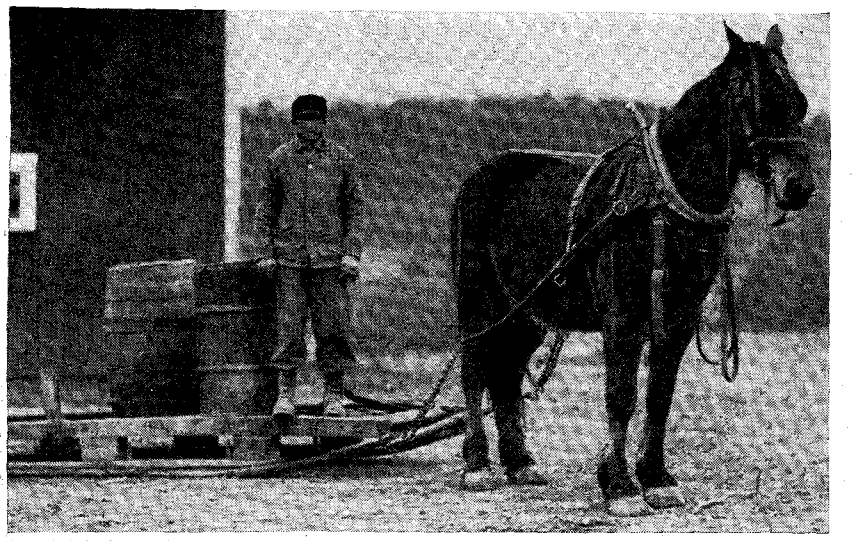
"Business depression overspread the land, banks closed, credit dried up.

"Gradually the area of distress widened. Last October, 238 counties in Arkansas, Kentucky, Mississippi, and Texas were in trouble—but not too serious. Seeds for winter pasturage and for fall gardens were, for the moment, a sufficient form of help. November was not so bad. Cotton-picking and other seasonal work gave a little help. The larder was not quite empty. A few chickens and a pig or two were still around the dooryard.

"But with December came crisis. Food and clothing were needed—and quickly. By the first of January the Red Cross was reaching into 338 counties, touching some 225,000 people. In thirty days the number leapt to 701,000 persons in 663 counties of nineteen States. In the early days of February districts in two more States were added to the relief-map.

"And still no one dared say when the peak would be reached!"



Acme-P. & A. photograph

When the Wells Run Dry

An Ohio farmer hauling water from the only source of water for miles around.

COMING back to that cabin, for a moment, the Red Cross worker heeds the urging to "go back yander," and finds families sleeping in leaves, huddled together on the floor.

Yes—

"Beds and stoves have been sold to the junkman for a few cents. Roots dug in the woods, a few stunted turnips, are all they have to eat. 'Yes'm, we're bad off, but they say there's folks up the crick that's worse.'

"So up the dry bed of the crick we toil. Yes, he was right. They are worse. We don't dare fail to follow up every report. So often it is true."

The job can not be measured by any rule of thumb, says Mr. Schafer; for, he reports:

"There are as many kinds of people in the territory affected as there are alluvial bottoms, narrow valleys, uplands, hills, and mountains. In ten or twenty miles the whole character of the land may change, and with it the farm economics and living habits of the people.

"There are 'share croppers,' tenant and independent farmers all totally different in farm operations and in psychology.

"What is a true picture of conditions in one county is not true in the next one. What is sound relief procedure in the valley is unsuitable and ineffective in the hills.

"Of course, many families in the drought areas do not require relief. They may, probably have, lost heavily, but their own local resources and credit will carry them through.

"But in the next house and the next, perhaps, are families down to their last cupful of meal. Not even a scrawny chicken is left. The stores are well stocked, but their owners are in a bad way. They have carried rural customers month after month, year after year. They are themselves hard prest by creditors. They can go no further.

"There can be no mass operations in this relief job. It is house to house, family by family case work, with the danger not of overdoing but of failing to discover people in remote districts too weakened by misery and hopelessness to seek aid for themselves."

EVERY nerve of the Red Cross is being strained to relieve immediate suffering, says the director of relief; but even with the emergency in hand, many lean months, perhaps years, he says, are ahead. A true relief program, it is pointed out, must carry measures to meet the continuing situation.

It is a mighty undertaking, and, we read:

"What it will cost depends upon a number of factors: the working of the machinery of the Department of Agriculture's $45,000,000-farm-loan fund, the degree in which the States make special provision, the extent to which farm-hands and tenants are employed by farmers and planters, the way industry opens up with the coming of warmer weather.

"Without leaning too heavily on encouraging possibilities, the Red Cross is convinced that the $10,000,000 it has asked from the people of the country, with the original $5,000,000 drawn from its reserves, will be adequate to meet the situation. This sum, vast as it seems, is not great when projected against the wide front of distress stretching over twenty-one States.

"But with relief determined by need and not by loss, with careful handling of funds, and with continued citizen cooperation, it will be enough."

Churches for Foreigners

"IT IS DIFFICULT TO MAKE a good Scotch-Irish Presbyterian out of an Italian, but that the Italian has possibilities of becoming a first-class Christian American citizen is just as true."

It was this faith in him and in other immigrants, coupled with a sympathetic understanding of the immigrants' difficulties in the land of promise that prompted the Presbyterian Church and other religious bodies to accept it as a new home-mission field.

So, Dr. W. P. Shriver tells us in "The Immigrant Now," a pamphlet issued by the Presbyterian Board of National Missions, there was no other recourse than to provide a foreign-speaking minister, and to encourage him to develop a Christian congregation.

HOWEVER, almost without exception, these churches are making an increasing use of English, says Dr. Shriver, who is director of the department of city, immigrant, and industrial work of the Presbyterian Board; and the younger ministers trained in this country are resourceful in adapting their work to changing conditions.

To-day, Dr. Shriver reports, there are 535 Presbyterian churches (U. S. A.) which employ a foreign language, described as follows:

"Of those which serve the more recent immigrants, 64 are for the Slavic races, and enroll 5,600 members; 77 are for Italians, with 6,800 members and over 7,000 enrolled in their Sunday-schools.

"There are 48 churches for the Hungarians, of the Reformed Church of Hungary, close kin to us Presbyterians, located largely in New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Ohio; these churches have about 5,000 members, and 2,900 in their Sunday-schools.

"For the Spanish-speaking populations in the Southwest, including the Mexicans, there are 76 churches and missions with over 4,700 members, and about the same number in church schools. There are scattered churches for the Armenians, Syrians, Persians, and Assyrians.

"On the Pacific coast 40 churches and missions serve the Orientals; there is no work more rewarding. For the older German and Welsh populations there are 210 churches, with a long history and a great service."

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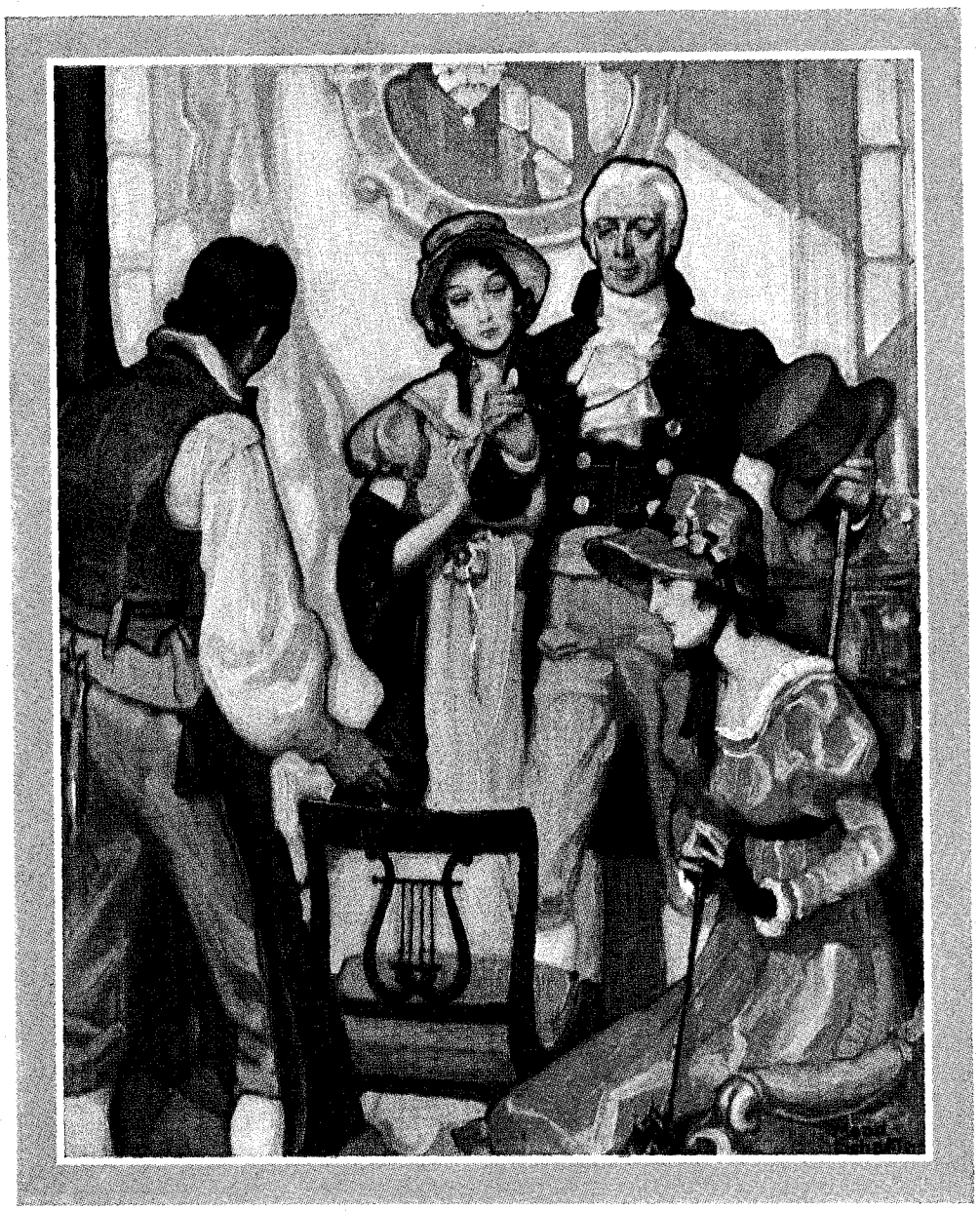


For a Discriminating Clientele

Duncan Phyfe's great genius as designer and master cabinet-maker won him the patronage of all the wealth and aristocracy of old Knickerbocker New York. His superb furniture brought international recognition for artistic and technical excellence

PACKARD leadership and prestige have been built slowly and permanently. The first Packard car was completed in 1899. And since then the Packard clientele has grown as taste and appreciation have grown.

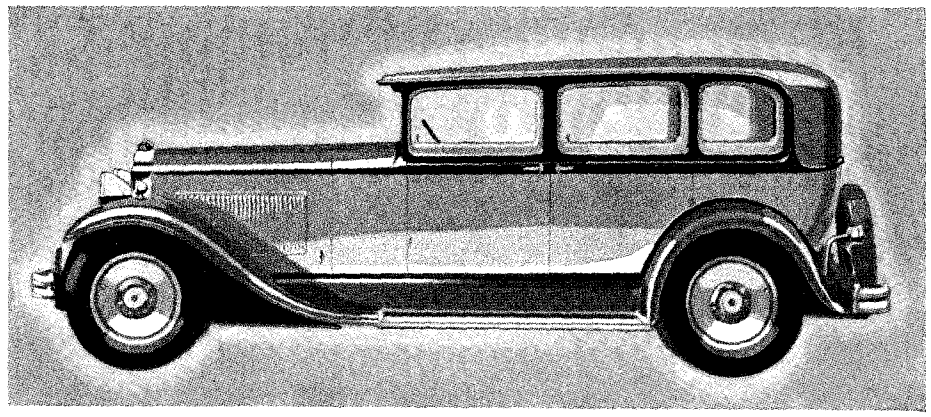
Once solely a "rich man's car," the Packard, in its Standard Eight Models, is now appreciated by thousands in moderate circumstances who have learned that excellence in transportation means ultimate economy.

For the Packard costs no more *to own* than any other car of its size and power—even though many are lower priced. It is built to give—and does give—an exceptionally long and trouble-free life. Those who buy a Packard for the first time are always gratified at the long extra service the extra dollars buy. Generally they keep their Packards nearly *twice* as long as they were in the habit of keeping lesser cars which cost as much to operate.

The Packard five-passenger Sedan pictured below will provide you with *luxurious transportation* at the cost of ordinary travel. Packard men everywhere are prepared to prove this. Why not ask them to do so?

PACKARD

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE



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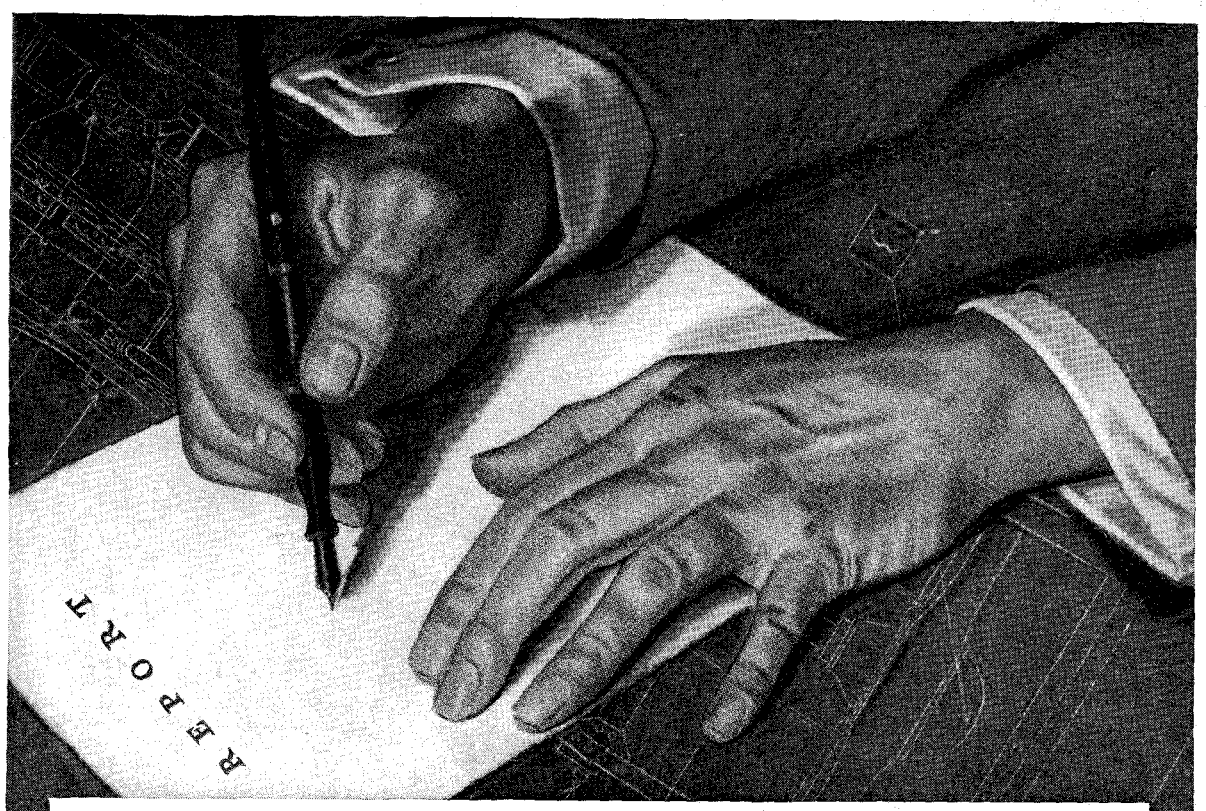
256 Automotive Engineers say you're right . . .


REPORT
"The quality of Lubricating Oil depends on the Manufacturing Process - not the Crude Oil used." Motor Oil is made not found

GEOGRAPHY or lubrication? You've heard of oils that claimed to be good chiefly because of the geographic source of the crude oil from which they were made.

A large Eastern University recently questioned automotive engineers on this subject. These men design today's automobile engines. They know the lubrication needs of those engines. They were asked which counted more in the production of motor oils, the manufacturing process or the crude oil source.

And 256 authorities on engine design agreed: manufacturing processes!

In oil-*making*—one name stands out. Mobiloil. Sixty-five years of experience, the most modern plants and processes, the pick of the world's crude oils, and knowledge of *your* engine go into each quart of Mobiloil you buy.

Over a hundred thousand dealers have Mobiloil ready for you. Consult the Mobiloil Chart at your dealer's. Ask for the right grade for your car.

Mobiloil stands up

. . . the Amazing Stamina of Mobiloil in your engine is put there by the Vacuum Process applied to the world's finest crude oils. Mobiloil is toughened and tested to fight heat and wear

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

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SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Our Great Drought Still with Us

WHAT WE CALL "LAST SUMMER'S" DROUGHT is still with us, at least in a large portion of the affected area.

What it is doing to us, and what it still may do, is described in an article contributed to *The Annalist* (New York).

Not only agriculture, but also industry and general business are affected by wide-spread deficiency of moisture, and the effect, we are told, is likely to become still more serious in the near future.

The writer calls for a general "rationing" of water throughout the affected region, particularly on the part of large industrial users. We Americans are great wasters of water. This is not a time to be lavish with it in any way in which it can be spared. Says *The Annalist:*

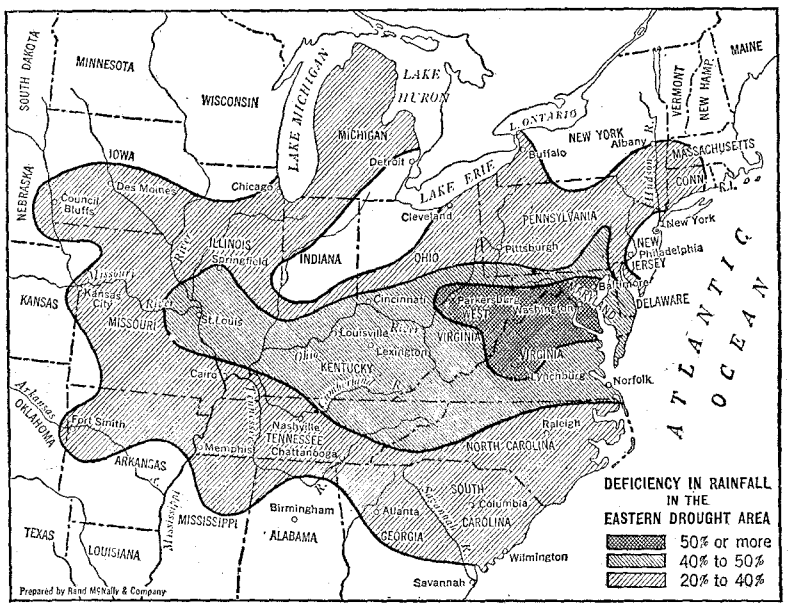
"Much of the true significance of the present and long-continued deficiency in rainfall is still largely unappreciated by the general public.

"Apart from portions of the far West, the United States usually has what might be termed the best 'weather' of any country of the world, in that rainfall is comparatively abundant and evenly distributed throughout the year.

"When a serious dislocation of water supply occurs, it is not only the farming communities that suffer, altho they naturally feel it first; a sufficiently great shortage of rainfall eventually involves industry and transportation in serious difficulties, and if it continues long enough it may have the most severe consequences to the health, sanitation, and fire protection of city populations.

"For several years the 'weather' has been abnormal over large sections of the United States.

"The years 1928 and 1929 saw large deficiencies in precipitation throughout the Western States, with especially low rainfalls in the extreme Northwest. The area of subnormal rainfall extended eastward during the latter part of 1929 and established itself during 1930 throughout a wide area roughly included between New England and the Missouri River, and extending from Savannah and Memphis northward to the Lakes. In large parts of this region there has occurred the most severe drought in the history of the United States, and inasmuch as this drought still persists with extraordinary severity, its effects during the next seven months will have considerable influence not only upon the fortunes of the agricultural communities included in its area but upon industry and general business as well."



Where the Drought Is Hitting Hardest

FOR the year 1930, we are told, forty out of the forty-eight States of the nation had less than normal rainfall. This distribution of subnormal precipitation is shown on the accompanying map, which indicates by the character of the shading the total relative deficiency of rainfall during the thirteen and a half months between the first of January, 1930, and the present date. The drought is most severe throughout the Potomac and Ohio valleys and their southern tributaries. It is still severe, tho not as serious, throughout Pennsylvania, the Carolinas, and the States of the central Mississippi valley. To quote further:

"For the year 1930, as a whole, the driest State was Maryland, with a deficiency of 44 per cent., followed by West Virginia, with 41 per cent., Virginia, with 40 per cent., and Kentucky, with 39 per cent.

"In the type of drought now prevailing, while the deficiency of precipitation may not reach unusual figures during short periods, there is no break in the deficiency for month after month. As pointed out by the Weather Bureau, such droughts have a tendency to perpetuate themselves, and are commonly (as has been very emphatically the case this year) associated with abnormally high temperatures.

"The major effect of such long-continued deficiency is the progressive lowering of the ground-water levels throughout the affected areas.

"This not only reduces the flow of water running on the surface but, in addition, makes each successive rainfall for a considerable period into the future of negligible effect in augmenting stream flow. Unless it falls on frozen ground, in the deluge form usually associated with 'cloudbursts,' or is involved in the sudden melting of measurable quantities of snow, most of the subsequent rain is absorbed by the soil. For a long time after that there is, then, very little 'run-off,' which means that only a comparatively small part of the rainfall finds its way to the streams to become available for navigation or public water supplies.

"While accurate data as to ground-water conditions are almost non-existent, it is evident that a marked deficiency of ground water exists at present throughout much of the shaded areas of the map.

"Even if there should be heavy rains in the next few weeks, the prospects for the quick return to flow of exhausted wells and springs would therefore not be particularly encouraging."

Five Kinds of Dreams

FIVE psychological types of dreams, with a sixth class to include many that not even the psychologists can classify, were listed by Dr. E. Graham Howe of London, in a recent series of lectures at the Tavistock Clinic, in that city.

The five types are wish-fulfilment dreams, anxiety dreams, teleological or purposeful dreams, self-critical dreams, and repetitive dreams; the fifth class including the relatively insignificant dreams in which experiences of the day are lived over again in the dream state. Says Dr. E. E. Free in his *Week's Science* (New York):

"Typical wish-fulfilment dreams, Dr. Howe explained, are the child's dream of having the bicycle or other toy which is desired, or the common adult dream of the death of some enemy or other person whom one wishes, consciously or unconsciously, to be dead and out of one's way.

"The anxiety dream, perhaps commonest of all dream types, is typified by dreams of missing trains, of failing in examinations, of climbing interminable mountains, and similar dreams which really are reflections of the dreamer's anxiety that he may fail in tasks which he has undertaken.

"The teleological or purposeful dreams are those, Dr. Howe said, which suggest courses of action or solutions of difficulties. For example, one of Dr. Howe's patients was a somewhat masculine woman who dreamed of a magic talisman which turned out to be a powder-puff, the idea of the dreaming mind being that more use of feminine arts might aid this dreamer to relieve dissatisfactions of her life.

"Self-critical dreams are those in which some dream symbol represents the dreamer's fear of his own faults, like one of Dr. Howe's patients, who dreamed of a donkey with weak and wabbly legs, representing the dreamer's recognition and criticism of his own feebleness of character."

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Movies and the Eyesight

ARE THE MOVIES BAD FOR THE EYES? That depends, replies the medical correspondent of the Continental edition of *The Daily Mail* (London). In normal conditions, his answer would be "No." He writes:

"It is often asked, 'Is the cinema bad for the eyes?' A difficult question to answer.

"One would find it equally hard to decide in a general way whether reading is harmful or not. Both are questions of circumstance. Conditions of paper, print, and light vary just as much as the quality of the films.

"In the case of the cinema it can be said that harm *may* result—altho more usually it does not.

"The earlier type of film was undoubtedly very trying to the eyes owing to its 'flicker.' Here a strain is put upon vision, because the eye has to make continual small and rapid adjustments to enable the shifting image on the screen to fall upon the same spot in the retina.

"Tho most films are free from this flickering at the present time, there is another factor of similar type which is liable to cause exhaustion. I refer to rapid movement.

"Action is frequently so fast that a blurred image occurs on the screen, which causes the eye to make an extra effort at focusing. If this is prolonged, strain may occur.

"Naturally, the nearer the spectator sits to the screen the faster will everything appear to move and the more tiring will be the effect on the eyes.

"Another disadvantage of sitting too near the screen is the result of the glare. Tho no one would seriously claim that gross impairment of sight could follow visits, however frequent, to the cinema, there is no doubt that in some films the light reflected from the screen is very strong. The retina is a delicate apparatus, and the less glare it receives the better it will be for it.

"Worn films give an appearance of falling rain, which is tiring to sensitive people. This is caused by the same mechanism as the flickering already referred to.

"Finally comes the question of glasses. If your distant vision is poor, and you are going to the films, do not leave your spectacles behind.

"Eyes find it hard enough to see stationary objects, and thus need the best possible conditions for focusing the less easily seen moving objects.

"Other conditions which tire the eyes by a flickering effect are street-signs, badly trimmed candles, and electric-bulbs lit by a slowly alternating current. Fire-light is obviously bad to read by for the same reason.

"This flickering effect is also felt when we attempt to focus oncoming objects from the window of a fast train.

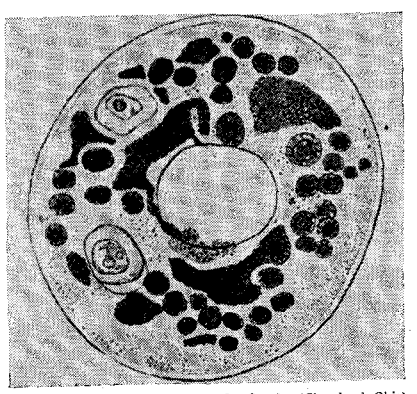
"Close and prolonged work with the eyes does not particularly characterize the modern age, but despite the good lighting conditions of the present day many draftsmen, pen-artists, and engravers still insist on keeping their eyes less than fifteen inches from their work.

"Again, the reading of print by a weak light should prove a self-evident evil, but one often sees people doing it.

"Lastly, there are sundry other factors which, while not actually impairing sight, weaken the eye's resistance to disease by irritating its covering membranes. An exceptionally smoky atmosphere and the habit of allowing smoke to curl up into the eyes from a cigaret or pipe are causes of irritation. A high wind, as experienced in a fast-driven car, cold drafts, and dust also play a part."

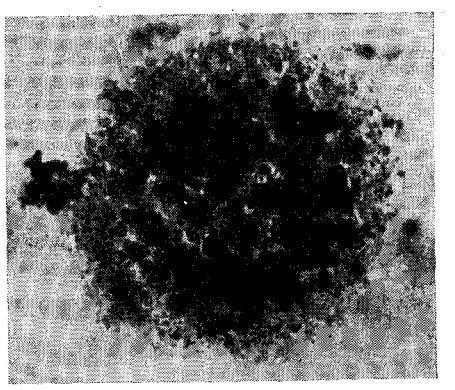
They're Not Alive

Admits Dr. George Washington Crile, but his manufactured cells act astonishingly lively.



Illustrations by courtesy of the N E A Service (Cleveland, Ohio)

A Simple Natural Cell (Arcella)



One of the Crile Cells

Dr. Crile's Near-Living Cells

HE DOES NOT CLAIM that they are really alive. And yet these manufactured articles have so many of the characteristics of life as to be positively uncanny.

They are not strictly made of inorganic matter like earth or stone. Their substance is the dead structure of once-living matter.

So that, says Dr. Frank Thone, who describes the achievements of the Cleveland wizard in an illustrated article in *The Post-Dispatch* (St. Louis), if Dr. Crile has not created life, he has at least made dead matter live again—or act like it. Dr. Thone writes:

"Are they really alive?

"That is the question asked by hundreds of persons who have seen the queer little bits of jellylike substance, astonishingly like real cells in appearance, reposing in the field of the high-powered microscope.

"If they are alive, then the noted Cleveland surgeon has done something that philosophers and scientists ever since the days of ancient Greece have been dreaming of.

"If they are *not* alive (and neither Dr. Crile nor anybody else makes a flat-footed claim that they are), they are still most astonishing things in themselves, and they point the way to possible investigations of the physics and chemistry of living matter.

"What Dr. Crile was trying to do, and what he seems to have succeeded in doing, was to build up out of non-living materials some bits of complex stuff, carrying on some of the physical and chemical processes that living substance carries on, and capable of being observed, measured and studied by scientific methods.

"The hope of making some small beginning on the understanding of living stuff, was what led Dr. Crile and his two capable young women assistants, Dr. Maria Telkes and Amy F. Rowland, to try the interesting experiment of taking some once-living tissues apart and then putting the pieces together again, to see whether the new combinations would run."

EVER since the days of ancient Greece, Dr. Thone goes on, the search for man-created life has been a quest as fascinating to speculators as the search for the fountain of youth or the transmutation of base metals into gold. But—

"Only with the modern discovery that all life is based on a stuff called protoplasm—a semifluid, thickish substance like the white of a raw egg—a scientific school of strivers toward life from the laboratory came into being. Even the most recklessly ambitious of them was content with trying to make an artificial protoplasm, and the sober majority were contented with putting together various kinds of complex jellies and fluids, watching the more or less lifelike reactions of the resulting drops, threads, and crystals.

"To this sober majority belong Dr. Crile and his associates. They do not claim that the 'cells' that have resulted from their experiments are really alive. But they do say that these microscopic bits of stuff have some of the mechanical and chemical properties that can be found in the probably much more complicated life-stuff—protoplasm.

"They have an impressive list of things that their 'cells' show and do. They increase in size by 'eating,' or

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"I know all that but— you're in another state now!"

DO you realize that under the Automobile Financial Responsibility Laws now in force in a number of states, violation of the Motor Vehicle Laws may also take away *your right to drive?*

According to these laws even *non-residents* may be called upon to establish their financial responsibility—either by putting up cash or securities or by submitting evidence that they have *acceptable* insurance protection. One requirement: the company must be licensed to do business in the *state where the accident or violation takes place.*

Ætna Combination Automobile Insurance is acceptable *anywhere in the United States or Canada.* 25,000 Ætna agents from coast to coast insure *personal,* friendly service wherever you may be. Ætna service is also available in Europe.

An Ætna Combination Automobile Policy protects you against every insurable motoring risk. What's more, Ætna's long experience, wise management and tremendous resources guarantee prompt and fair settlement of every claim, regardless of how long it may be before a claim is brought against you. Protection *all ways—always.*

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25,000 REPRESENTATIVES
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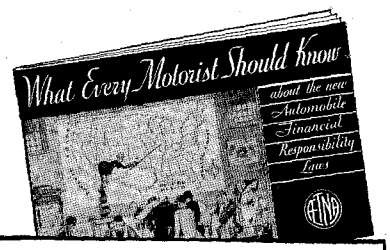
SEND coupon below for information about the Financial Responsibility Laws and how they affect YOU.



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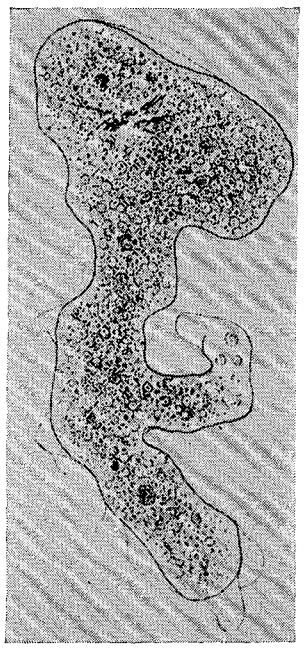
absorbing, proteins out of the liquid in which they lie. They sometimes pinch apart into two equal halves; sometimes a 'cell' will pinch off a smaller part, much the same as yeast-cells bud off daughter-cells.

"By manipulating the acidity of their bath, some of the cells can be made to lose their round form and to creep by means of lobes or processes that appear and are reabsorbed into the main body. In this they resemble the ameba, one of the lowliest of animals.



A Real Ameba, One of the Simplest Animated Cells in Nature

"In the middle of almost every one of these quasi-living droplets there is a dark mass that looks somewhat like the dense center or nucleus of a real cell. Some of the artificial 'cells' have many 'nuclei.' Artificial 'cells' of this type, Dr. Crile says, show some of the misbehaviors of cancer-cells."

So much for the lifelike appearance of the manufactured "cells." They have a lifelike behavior, also. Perhaps the most remarkable feature is that they "breathe"—take in oxygen and give out about the same volume of carbon dioxid. Respiration has always been considered a monopoly of genuinely living things. But not only do these "cells" respire. The rate changes, Dr. Thone tells us, according to their state of "health," being adversely affected if something is added that tends to make the drops disintegrate. To quote further:

"They can be 'poisoned.' There is a long list of chemicals that will injure them, and finally break them down and 'kill' them. Some of these are poisons to living animals and plants also. The list includes strychnin, morphin, cyanids, and strong solutions of alcohol.

"Other substances act as tonics, or stimulants. These include alcohol solutions of about the same strength as beer, very low concentrations of strychnin and solutions of sodium iodid and thyroxin.

"The thing that seems to be the secret of the 'cell physiology' of these jellylike droplets is their possession of an electric charge.

"There is a potential gradient between the inner and outer parts, which increases when the creature is in 'good health,' and decreases when it is 'sick.' The oxygen intake goes up and down with the electric potential. When the potential difference falls to zero, the 'cell' is 'dead.'

"Nobody knows what the chemical formula for protoplasm is. Very likely it is not a single formula, but a whole series of them, each one very complex in itself, with the complexity vastly increased by their interrelations.

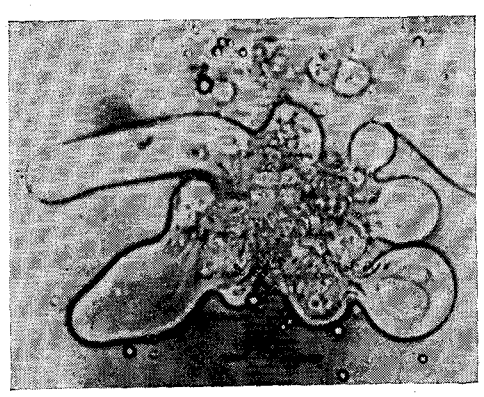
"It will probably be many years, perhaps centuries, before we can get an accurate chemical picture of living protoplasm.

"Undeterred, however, by having to work in the dark, chemically speaking, Dr. Crile decided to put together a complex of ingredients as nearly like those of living stuff as he could get.

"The simplest method of procedure, indeed, the only one possible in this direction, was to take some dead protoplasm to pieces and then put the pieces together again.

"From this knowledge of how Dr. Crile proceeded, and of what stuff he used in the making of his 'cells,' it can easily be seen that no one can claim for him—as he does not claim for himself—that he has 'created life' in the laboratory from dead and inorganic materials.

"His materials were dead, but not inorganic. They had previously been alive. If any one wants to make a sensational claim it would have to be that, if these 'cells' are alive, Dr. Crile has accomplished a sort of scientific resurrection of the dead."



Artificial Cell Which Has Irregular Shapes and Shows Signs of Creeping

King Radium Steps Down

RADIUM WILL BE DETHRONED, as one of the outstanding wonders of the modern world, by a new electric tube which was recently displayed by Prof. R. A. Millikan and his associates, at Los Angeles, it is predicted by Dr. Harrison E. Howe, editor of *Industrial and Engineering Chemistry*. A press bulletin issued by the American Chemical Society quotes him as follows:

"Utilizing 650,000 volts the new tube emits rays quite comparable to those given off by radium, and it is calculated that with such a tube one might accomplish results that would be equivalent to those obtained with $5,000,000,000 worth of radium.

"There is no reason to believe that 650,000 volts is the uppermost limit, if there is any advantage in going higher, and there is confidence that the physicist can produce a tube with which results characteristic of radium can be obtained.

"One of these days, radium, which has been listed as one of the wonders of the modern world, will find itself reduced by the new competition to a place where it will be glad to be on speaking terms with a larger proportion of our population.

"There are many cases where a special technique has been developed in radium therapy.

"The insertion of tubes containing radium emanation into abnormal tissues affords an example.

"It is not expected that these new types of electric tubes will compete in this field, but it seems fair to assume that in many instances where radium therapy has already proved its worth, this newer form of energy will be found equally efficient, more susceptible to control, and of course available at but a fraction of the expense.

"Radium may retain its industrial applications, as for dial illumination, but the significance of the new 650,000-volt for industry is far-reaching and difficult to imagine."

Mooring-Mast Myths

MUCH of the information about mooring-masts, especially those on lofty buildings like the Empire State in New York City, must be taken with a grain of salt, we are warned by *The Engineering News-Record* (New York).

It thus punctures in a few paragraphs on its editorial page what it picturesquely and alliteratively terms the "Mooring-Mast Myth." We read:

"Current sketches depicting the city of the future reveal the remarkable virility of the contemporary imagination.

"In these drawings no limit is placed on the height or bulk of the buildings, and the airplanes and airships cruise in and out among the spires, landing in the streets or tying up to a convenient pinnacle. Subconsciously we want to believe in these pictures, and every opportunity to nurture our desire is seized upon. As a result, when the owners of a great building, like the Empire State Building in New York, top out their magnificent structure with a steel cage 200 feet tall, and call it a mooring-mast for airships, the idea falls on fertile soil.

"It is always unpleasant to deflate these delightful dreams, but in all fairness to our readers, who are engineers as well as emotional human beings, it is necessary to stamp the Empire State story as a mooring-mast myth.

"Apparently it is true that the base and main shaft of the mast are designed not alone for the expected wind load but for an extra horizontal load of 100,000 pounds, which serves the purpose of lending credence to the airship-mooring claim.

"But it is also true that the top twenty-five feet of the mast, where all of the mechanism for airship mooring would have to be installed, is a simple dome framework of radial roof trusses, incapable of anchoring a large dirigible. Unless present methods of airship handling are changed radically, there is little prospect that the elevators of the Empire State Building will be crowded with returning air voyagers."

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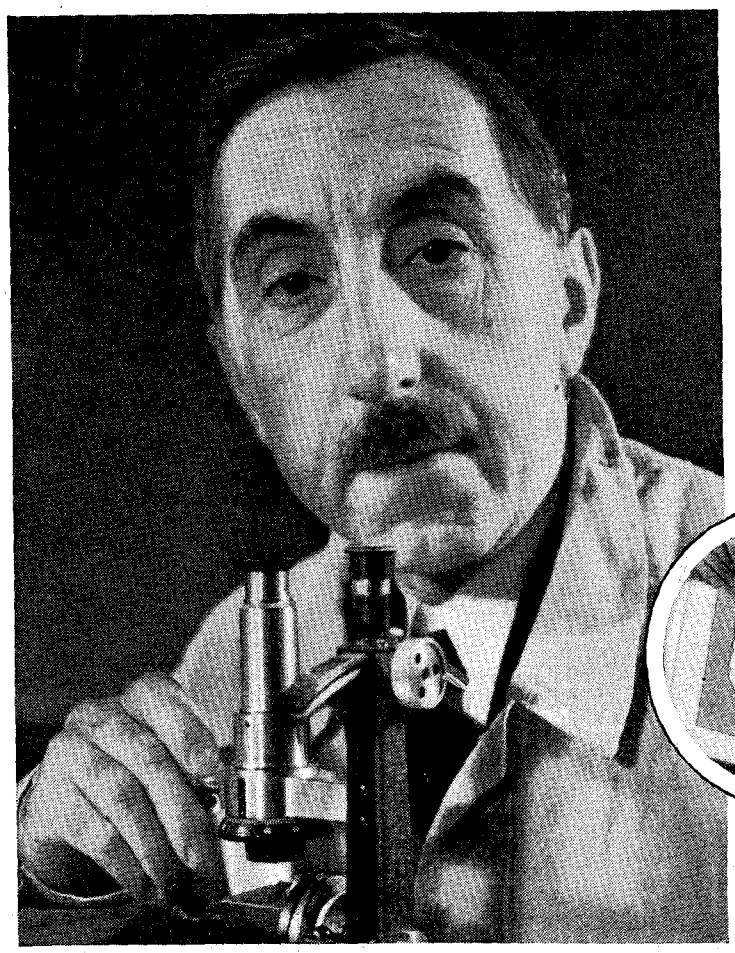


DR. HENRI LABBÉ
Specialist in metabolism, biology and nutrition of the Faculty of Medicine of Paris. Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. Dr. Labbé is frequently called upon as a consultant in difficult cases.

You can't *cure* constipation with pills! That's why doctors advise yeast. Yeast "tones" and purifies the intestines.

This famous French physician *says,*

"Yeast is *entirely different* from ordinary laxatives.."

THE statement above is from a lecture on the properties of yeast by one of the greatest medical authorities in Europe . . . Dr. Henri Labbé, of the Faculty of Medicine of Paris.

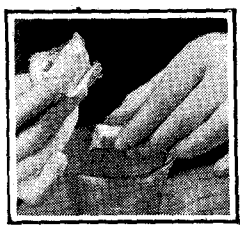
What Dr. Labbé says concerns the very vital matter of your health. It concerns a simple, sensible way to correct an extremely unpleasant trouble that afflicts nearly every one of us from time to time.

"Being a food," Dr. Labbé explains, "the action of fresh yeast is entirely different from that of weakening laxatives or cathartics.

"Fresh yeast tones up the stomach and intestines—helps them to function easily and regularly. It prevents the formation of poisons in the intestinal tract . . . increases the appetite . . . helps the system resist lighter forms of infection."

Isn't it clear, from this, why so many thousands have adopted the sensible fresh yeast method of keeping well?

For fresh yeast keeps bodily elimination regular *by natural means*. It strengthens sluggish intestines — softens accumulated body wastes. Your whole system is gently cleansed and purified. Digestion improves. The skin clears. You are less susceptible to headaches and colds.



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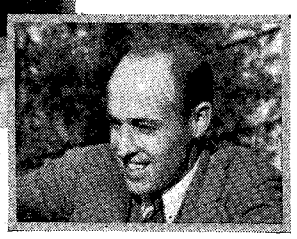
Add Yeast to your diet!

Why not try it? Just eat three cakes of *Fleischmann's* Yeast a day—plain or in a third of a glass of water (hot or cold) or any way you like. Each cake is rich in health-giving vitamins B, G and D. At grocers', restaurants, soda fountains. Send for booklet. Standard Brands Inc., 691 Washington Street, New York City.

"I was feeling sluggish and rundown," *writes* Miss A. Buffington, *Hollywood, Calif.* "Fleischmann's Yeast ended my health troubles!"



(LEFT)
"I found myself tiring very easily," *writes* E. D. Elliott, of *Boston*, "possibly as a result of auto-intoxication. Eating yeast seemed to speed up my sluggish system and restore the vitality that I lacked."

FOLLOW THESE DOCTORS' ADVICE!

DR. FRONZ, physician to Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria, explains: "I know nothing better than fresh yeast to regulate the intestines." DR. KROMAYER, of Berlin, declares: "Yeast purifies the intestines."

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Fleischmann's Yeast is fresh yeast—the only kind that benefits you fully. Eat 3 cakes every day!

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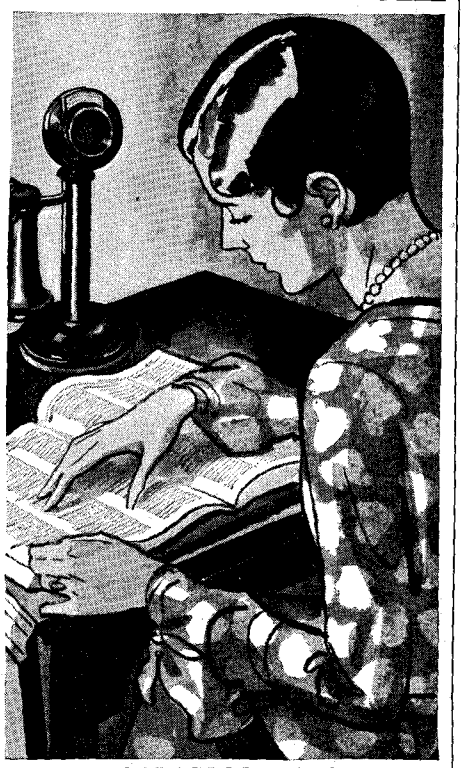
Anything at any time

A LAUNDRYMAN, iceman, or milkman—a baker, a cleaner, a locksmith—look for them in the Where to Buy It Classified Telephone Directory. You will find almost every type of merchandise or service classified



and indexed there. From the list you can readily select the most convenient dealer or company handling the product or service you want.

If you desire a particular advertised brand, look for it in your Classified Directory. Following it are the names, addresses and telephone numbers of authorized local dealers or service stations.

Let the Where to Buy It Classified Telephone Directory save you time and money in your daily family buying. Use it freely every day!

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. BELL SYSTEM AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

A Thousand Leagues Under the Ice with Wilkins

"LIVE dangerously," said Nietzsche—but it's pretty certain that he never dreamed of a dive for the North Pole in a second-hand submarine.

That's how Sir Hubert Wilkins and a lion-hearted band of husky fellows will live dangerously next summer.

Cooped up inside the slightly obsolete but still seaworthy former United States submarine *O-12*, rechristened *Nautilus* in honor of Jules Verne, they'll duck under the ice-cap somewhere north of Spitsbergen and grope along for three thousand miles or so, busy with all sorts of instrumental observations of interest to science.

Even Jules Verne could never have imagined half the stunts that will be accomplished by the new *Captain Nemo* and his merry men—if they live to tell the tale.

Why, they'll even have gadgets for boring up through the ice to the blessed air of heaven, not only to freshen up the atmosphere of their Jonah's prison but also on a large enough scale for the voyagers themselves to go over the top and kick their heels in the miraculous sun—if it happens to be shining.

One amusing possibility of this boring up operation is suggested by the Australian explorer himself, in one of a series of signed articles copyrighted by the New York American, Inc., Hearst Enterprises, Inc., and King Features Syndicate, Inc. We quote Sir Hubert's words from *The American*:

> The ice, we expect, will be two to twenty feet thick. I can imagine the astonished stare of a basking seal atop the ice when he sees our round, red, hollow, tongue-like drill pop out of the ice.

Through this hollow drill will emerge the scientists who work on the surface—the magneticians, meteorologist and photographers.

The others, in the submarine, by opening the door in the air-tight diving compartment, can carry out their deep-sea work through the bottom of the boat.

At the same time, the engineers and the electricians will be busy. The two five-hundred-horse-power engines will be started and the batteries will be charged. The wireless operators will carry out their portable antennæ and erect them upon the ice. Then, while the messages are leaving the aerial on top, the instruments and the men will be in the vessel below.

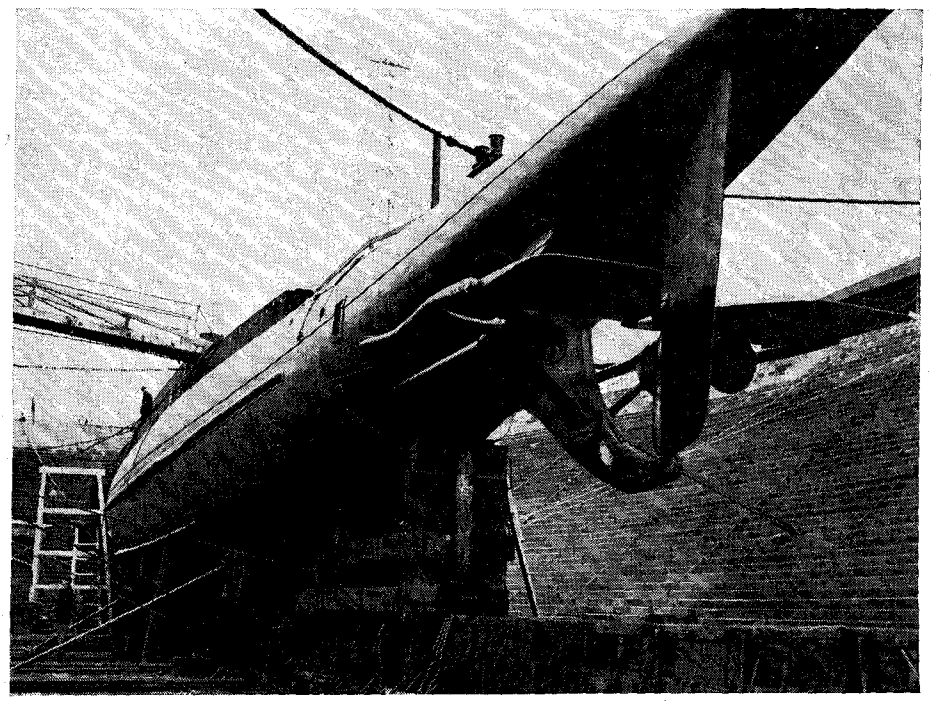
We expect excitement occasionally when a polar bear wanders too near the tent of the magnetician.

He must set up his instruments far from the ship to escape the influence of our motors, and he may find himself separated one day from the ship by a crack in the ice, for the ice is sure to be cracking and crushing.

We should run great risk if we found ourselves between two pieces of grinding and crushing ice, and the utmost vigilance will be necessary to keep all hands in a position to embark at a moment's notice, so that we can submerge and escape from the maw of the ice-monster.

THE *Nautilus* will be equipped with skis, but all her skiing will be done upside down. That is, her skis will point toward the sky, for she will ski along the bottom instead of the top of the ice-crust. Hence the framework sustaining the system of runners, corresponding to a pair of skis, is built firmly on the old submarine's deck. Rising higher than her top hamper, it will protect the latter from bumps against the possibly jagged under-surface of the ice-fields.

The leader of the expedition, Captain



International

How'd You Like to Go Groping Under the Floes in This?

The "Nautilus," in a fresh coat of paint, ready to leave the Philadelphia Navy Yard.

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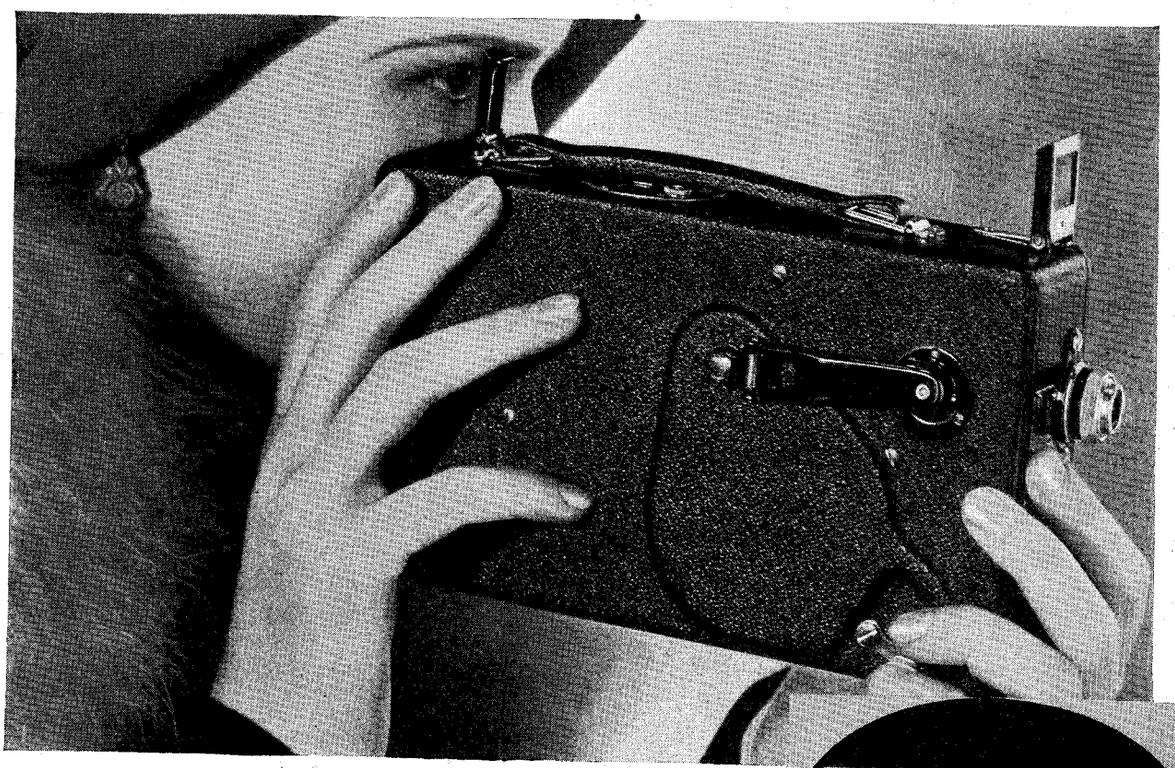
Only $75

for this new Home Movie Camera



What a thrill! There before you on the silver screen are your own children, laughing and rollicking... every smile, every gesture, as real as life itself.

A Simplified Ciné-Kodak... low in price... *and sold on easy terms*

HOME MOVIES are not a rich man's hobby . . . something you would like to have but think you can't afford.

Eastman has so simplified the motion picture camera that today a Ciné-Kodak can be bought for as little as $75, with carrying case to match. It's the new Model M, illustrated above... the lightest camera ever made for 100 feet of 16 mm. film. Comes with *f*.3.5 lens and a special attachment for close-ups.

No focusing required. Just aim your camera and press a lever . . . that's all there is to it. You get crisp, clear movies ... sparkling with quality... alive with action... the first time you try.

Developing by Eastman experts is included in the price of the film. Your reels come back to you promptly, ready to show in your home.

Turn the switch of your Kodascope projector. Then sit back in the quiet of your darkened living room and enjoy the movies you made yourself.

If you haven't made a movie, you've missed one of the biggest thrills in life. Get acquainted with this new form of home entertainment. Stop in at your Ciné-Kodak dealer's and ask him about the $75 Ciné-Kodak Model M. Kodascope projectors as low as $60. You can get a complete outfit, Ciné-Kodak, Kodascope and screen, for a small down payment and easy terms, if you wish.

Mail coupon for free

HOME MOVIE BOOKLET

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, Rochester, New York

Please send me FREE illustrated booklet telling me how I can easily make my own movies.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

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Ciné-Kodak *Simplest of Home Movie Cameras*

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IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN YOU

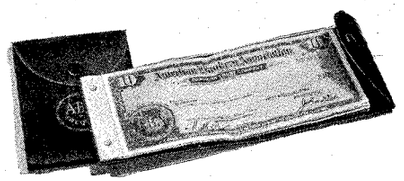
Nothing to disturb his walk until—

"*Put 'em up, brother!*" . . . a gun in his ribs . . . stripped of watch, ring and wallet . . . not a scratch to show for it.

Most of his money was saved. For he carried A.B.A. Cheques, and the money represented by the cheques was refunded.

A. B. A. Cheques are the modern way of protecting your money against theft, loss or destruction in any way.

Invaluable when traveling, A. B. A. Cheques are equally useful at home. Use them instead of cash, everywhere.



A·B·A CHEQUES

CERTIFIED

OFFICIAL TRAVEL CHEQUE OF AMERICAN BANKERS ASSOCIATION

Sir Hubert Wilkins, who won a knighthood by his strenuous airplane explorations at the North and South Poles, has the backing of that ardent American Arctic aerial explorer, Lincoln Ellsworth, comrade and backer of Amundsen in one airplane and one dirigible dash for the top of the world. It is possible, however, that previous engagements may prevent Ellsworth from starting north with the expedition.

Commander Sloan Danenhower will be master of the *Nautilus*. He is an Annapolis man and an old hand with submarines. His father, we learn from *The American*, was the Lieutenant Danenhower who was navigating officer of the De Long-Jeanette Arctic expedition.

Dr. H. U. Sverdrup, chief of the scientific staff, has had seven years' experience in polar waters.

ALL the officers and crew of the *Nautilus* will be veteran submarine men.

Sir Hubert relates that the idea of a submarine polar expedition was first suggested to him by Vilhjalmur Stefansson, of Arctic fame. Its feasibility, on due consideration, seemed clear enough to the rugged Wilkins imagination, but Sir Hubert notes that the public at first was inclined to regard it as an incredible proposition.

International

Sir Hubert On Board His Pole-Hunting Diver

However, the dear old public, as his friends remind him, often gets that way toward the plans of pioneers. Witness its ridicule of the Wright Brothers, Pasteur, and a thousand others who accomplished the seemingly incredible.

Sketching the program of the expedition, Sir Hubert writes:

First we shall cross the Atlantic, calling at the Azores.

It might take the submarine fourteen days to reach London. We will nose up the Thames in as strange a craft as ever disturbed those historic waters.

Tying up to the Embankment, we will take on scientific equipment which is being supplied by English laboratories.

This will include a strange device in the nature of a mechanical fish. It has a long body and a gill-like mouth, through which will pass a continuous stream of Arctic water. As it passes, this water will be filtered through a revolving sheet of muslin.

This muslin band will unfold and collect the myriads of small sea life, both animal and vegetable, and pass it, together with the muslin, through a preserving solution.

It will then be rolled on a spool, much as a photographic film is rolled in a camera.

Later, scientists will unroll that precious record and have before them a complete cross-section of the minute life of the Arctic Ocean.

Leaving London, we shall head into the North Sea for Norway, operating as a surface boat.

At Bergen we shall be joined by the chief of our scientific staff, Dr. H. U. Sverdrup, and his principal aids. These will be Dr. Bernhard Villinger, chemist, physicist, and surgeon, and an observer detailed by the department of terrestrial magnetism, Carnegie Institution of Washington.

"THESE men," says Sir Hubert, "already are assembling and testing the equipment which will enable them to bare the secrets of the Arctic sea." For instance:

They will pierce its bottom with long, hollow tubes and bring up sections of deposit that might have taken millions of years to build.

They will measure the forces exerted on the magnetic needle, both horizontal and vertical, and we will probably pass at a point so near the magnetic pole that the compass will stand at a forty-five-degree angle.

Aboard the submarine at Bergen will be placed a machine which by means of three pendulums — swinging each in a separate axis—will tell us the special gravity of the earth's crust at the point above which we are then situated.

Each swing of each pendulum will be reflected through eight prisms, reflecting the light this way and that until the swings of all three are photographed side by side on a sensitive paper, which, when developed, will preserve for all time a continuous record of the behavior of the earth's crust at the top of the world.

At Bergen the vessel should be completely equipped and manned. We shall then proceed north, through picturesque fiords and channels, heading for ice-covered seas.

North of Norway we will pause to bare our heads, and in silent prayer we shall honor the memory of that great hero and adventurer, the gallant Roald Amundsen, who, with Lincoln Ellsworth, carried out the first trans-Arctic journey in an entirely new vehicle.

In the *Norge* they flew on a course similar to that we will take.

We shall probably meet scattered ice on our way to Spitsbergen, but little difficulty is expected until we reach Green Harbour and attempt to enter Ice Fiord and Advent Bay. There, we learn, is a

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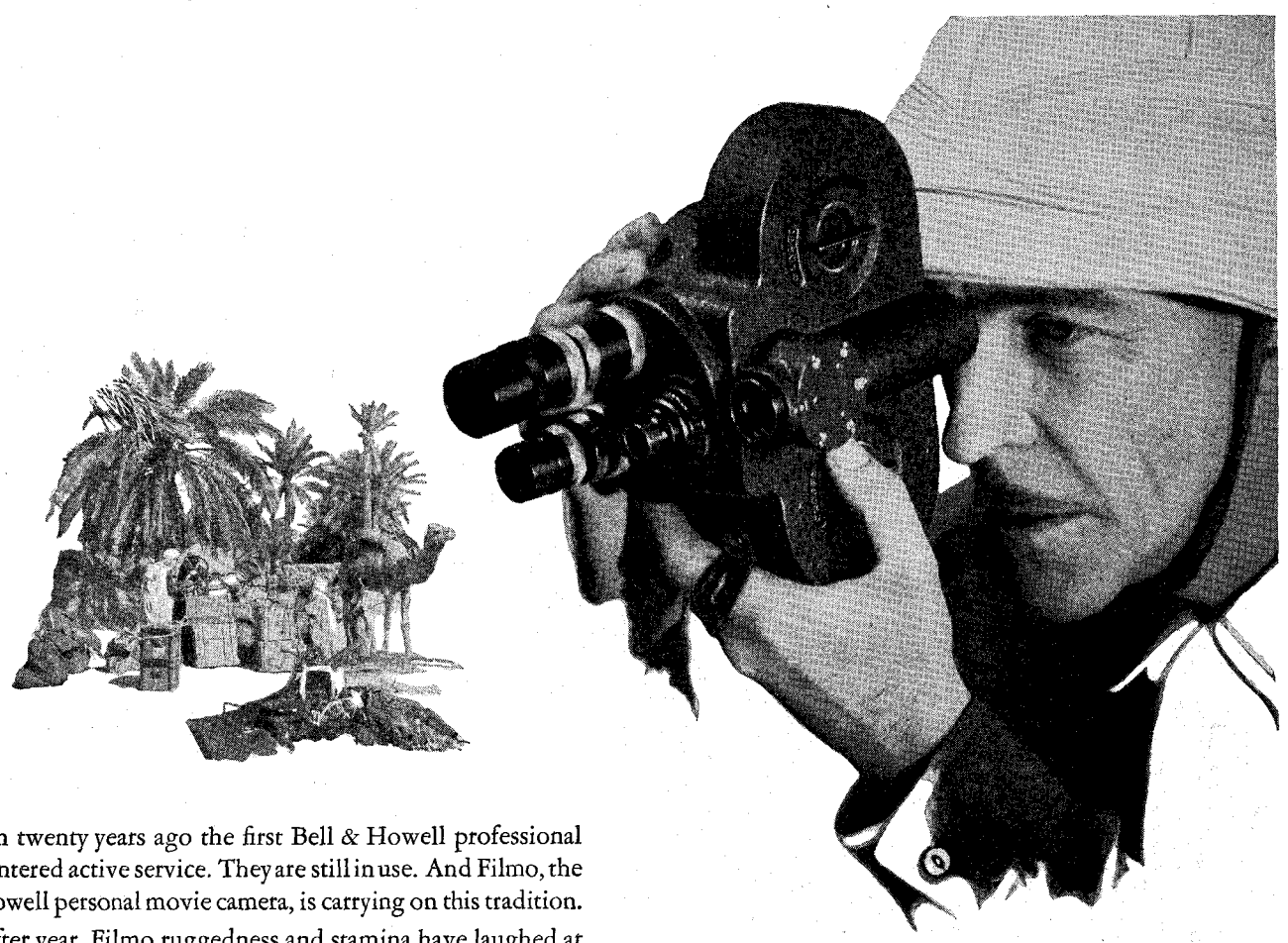
NO FILMO HAS EVER WORN OUT

★GENUINE BELL & HOWELL PERSONAL MOVIE CAMERA



More than twenty years ago the first Bell & Howell professional cameras entered active service. They are still in use. And Filmo, the Bell & Howell personal movie camera, is carrying on this tradition.

Year after year, Filmo ruggedness and stamina have laughed at gruelling days in the tropic sun or arctic cold, at tumbles over dizzy mountain cliffs, at high dives into swirling waters. Ask the explorer, the sportsman, the world traveler. He will tell you that you can't wear out a Filmo, either by use or abuse. Its makers' 25 years experience in the professional movie camera field gives Filmo its long life, its dependability, and its ability to take supremely beautiful movies.

And, with all its watch-like precision, it costs no more to own a Filmo. Models as low as $92. Ask your dealer to show you the Filmo or write for the fascinating Booklet No. 37. Filmo Cameras use Eastman Safety Film (16 mm.) in the yellow box, obtainable anywhere. Filmo Cameras and Projectors may be equipped (under license from Eastman Kodak Company) for use of Kodacolor film for movies in full color. Bell & Howell Company, 1841 Larchmont Avenue, Chicago, Ill., New York, Hollywood, London (B & H Co., Ltd.). Established 1907.

★ **Filmo is made by Bell & Howell, world's foremost manufacturers of professional movie studio cameras.**

Filmo Cameras range from $92 to $493.50; Filmo Projectors from $198 to $295. Outfit shown is $361 with case.

AS LOW AS

$92

Bell & Howell Co., 1841 Larchmont Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Gentlemen: Please send me the fascinating movie booklet No. 37.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... *State*.....

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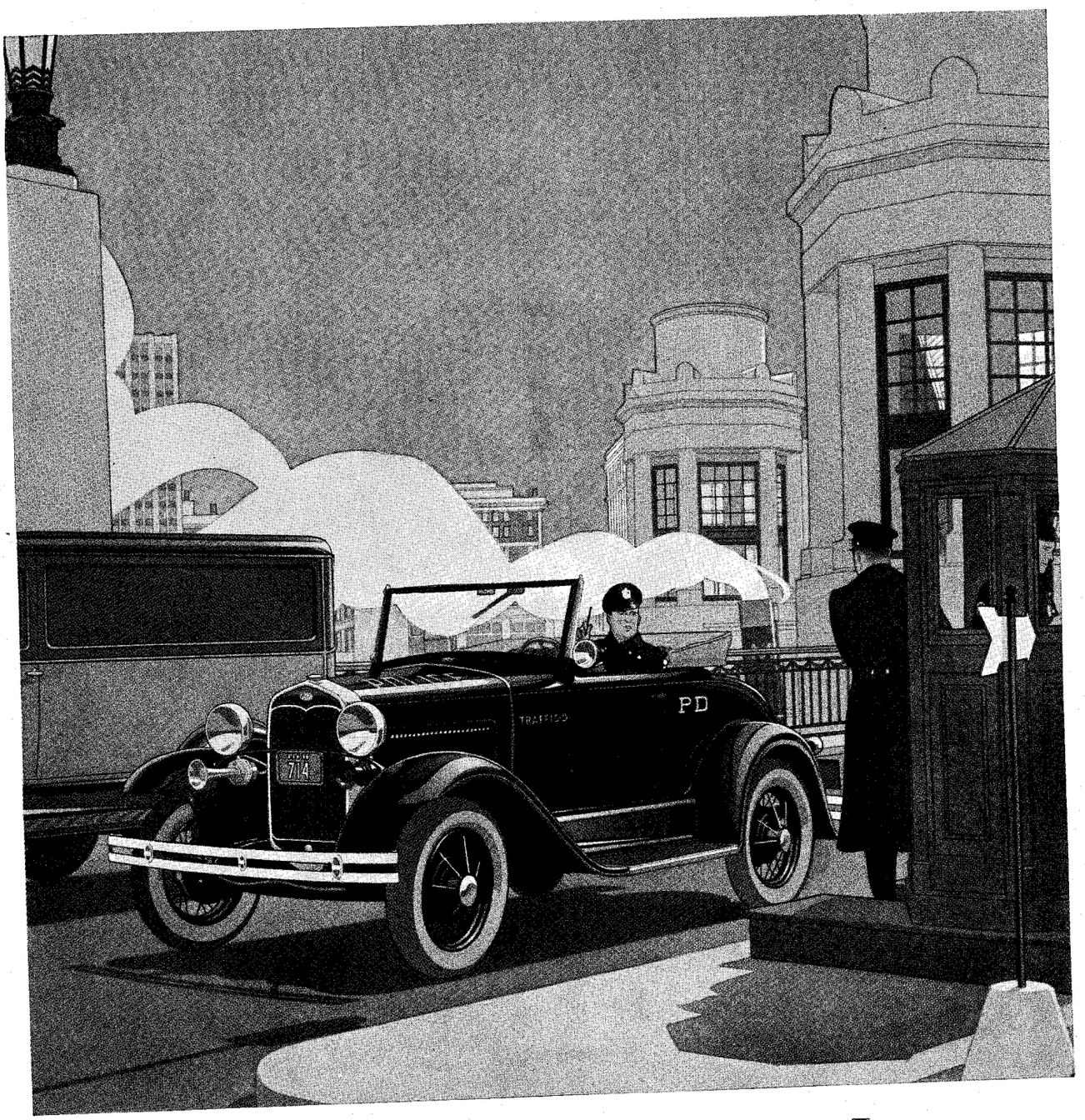

Lengthening the Arm of the Law

THE substantial worth of the new Ford is reflected in its alert, capable performance and economy of operation and up-keep. Men and women everywhere have found it ideally suited to their business and social needs. Its many uses make it truly The Universal Car.

An interesting use of the Ford is by police departments for the detection and apprehension of criminals. In their ceaseless vigil, these cars are driven in all kinds of weather, virtually twenty-four hours a day.

A fleet of 42 Model A Fords in Louisville covered a total of 2,620,800 miles in twelve months, or the equivalent of 105 times around the world. Five new Fords on police duty in Niagara Falls have been driven more than 100,000 miles each. In Miami a police Ford has gone 120,000 miles.

The average for the eighteen Fords in Omaha is 35,000 miles per car for two years of police service. The superintendent of automotive equipment says the cost of repairs has been "very low."

The police departments of New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Detroit, San Francisco and other large cities use hundreds of Ford cars and trucks. In New York, the total exceeds four hundred and fifty.

Large industrial companies operating large fleets of Ford cars and trucks report the same reliability and good service. Long, hard usage emphasizes the value of simplicity of design, high quality of materials and unusual care in manufacturing and assembling.

The first cost of the new Ford is low, and you can purchase it on convenient, economical terms through the Authorized Ford Finance Plans of the Universal Credit Company.

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Springfield, Missouri

coal-mine operated by hardy Norwegians, upon whose hospitality the adventurers will depend.

"Near their boats we shall take on the last of our supplies," says Sir Hubert, continuing:

Advent Bay is about 100 miles south of the north end of Spitsbergen. We shall probably follow the coast north to the end of that island and then swing toward Greenland.

In the Greenland Strait we expect to gather important data on the inflow and outflow of water between the Atlantic and Arctic Oceans. No surface vessel has been able to make the journey straight across through the ice. We shall have to do it in a series of porpoiselike dives.

The area offshore northeast of Greenland is not known. We may find new islands in that vicinity. They will not be large, and will be of no great importance except that their discovery will bring us that much nearer to the end of the possibilities for discovering new land on this earth.

From the northeast corner of Greenland we shall head out for the great adventure—straight for the North Pole.

The ice between the pole and Greenland is not particularly heavy. Peary found it crisscrossed with leads. But it will not make much difference to us if it is scattered or solid, for we will travel beneath it.

From Greenland on, we will not enter any trials of strength with the ice. No force controlled by man could contend with the frozen masses. We shall treat it with respect by keeping well out of its way, tickling its under side only with our long, finlike guide arm and nipping into it only once daily when we need to come to the surface for air and to make our scientific observations.

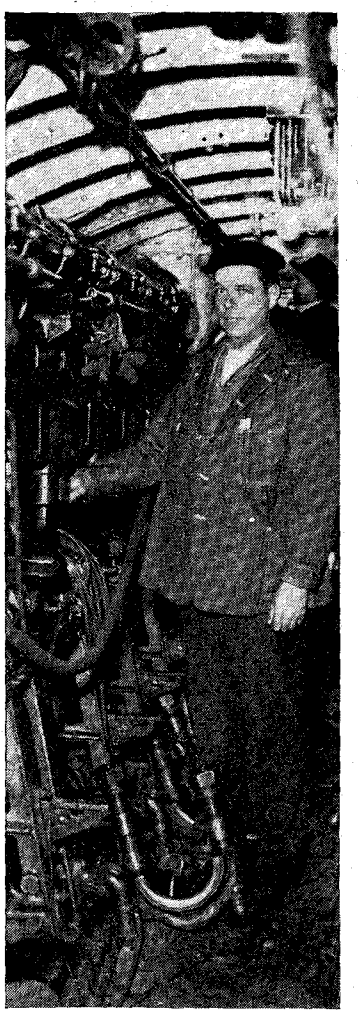
CRAWLING slowly beneath the ice will apparently be as mysterious a method of investigation as any that has ever thrilled a reader of detective tales, says Sir Hubert.

"Weird, pale blue lights will filter through our fused quartz window, recording their exact strength and quality as they penetrate." Furthermore:

A photoelectric-cell instrument, slung beneath these crystals, will give us a continuous record of the ice conditions.

Simultaneously, we will be recording the depths of the ocean. Six times a minute a signal will reach the bottom, to echo back and record the depth on our chart.

An observer, or perhaps two, will remain with their eyes glued to the eyepiece of the submarine noting and recording all those things too great or too elusive to be caught in the net of the continuous recorder of plankton (minute animal life).



International

Commander Danenhower Knows Every Gadget

Perhaps we shall have seen numerous leads of open water and lanes in the ice. We probably can take advantage of that condition by ejecting our retractable conning tower through a hole without having to drill through the ice.

ANY head-on collision with ice or what not will be discounted by the submarine's hydraulic-cushioned bowsprit. Besides she will saunter along at walking speed, some three miles an hour. The drinking-water supply will be replenished when necessary from the fresh-water pools always to be found on the surface of Arctic ice.

Another copyrighted article in *The American*, signed by Commander Danenhower, gives us these further details:

We propose to spend not more than sixteen hours out of each twenty-four submerged. The other eight hours will be devoted to charging the battery and taking various meteorological and oceanographical observations.

If we can make fifty miles toward our destination each day, it will permit us to make the voyage of 2,100 miles from Spitsbergen to Bering Strait via the North Pole in about forty-two days.

Should we fail over any extended period to get air, even by using our emergency drills and dynamite, our batteries would lie dead and useless, we could not move; we could not breathe, we should die.

The End of "The World"

"J. P.'S BODY LIES AMOLDERING IN THE GRAVE, but his soul goes marching on."

The chorus in the city room swelled. Editors, reporters, and copy boys, raising their voices, bade fair to raise the great golden dome of the Pulitzer Building.

And in the composing-room, men who "had been with the paper forty years were standing among the silent linotype machines and singing 'Auld Lang Syne,'" Elsie McCormick writes in the New York *World-Telegram*.

The last story had been written, the last page of copy read, the last type set. The last paper had gone to press.

It was the ultimate "thirty."

It was the end of *The World*.

The New York *World*, morning, evening, and Sunday, which Joseph Pulitzer (the J. P. of the chorus above) had built into one of the nation's greatest journalistic institutions, had been sold to the Scripps-Howard newspaper chain. It was merged with the New York *Telegram* as *The World-Telegram*, a development discust in THE DIGEST a week ago.

"Personally I am still a little jittery," Miss McCormick confesses. "The solid foundations of one's life, I find, are really built on pink cumulus clouds. It still surprizes me to come home at night and find that my apartment hasn't been merged with the one next door." Miss McCormick, a member of the old *World* staff, has joined the product of the merger, *The World-Telegram*.

THE sale of *The World*, anticipated but not certain, was definitely announced to its own staff and to other papers at the unusual hour of 2 o'clock in the morning. The announcement struck grief into the hearts of admirers of the paper all over the world, and has unloosed a flood of tender reminiscence of the journal's palmier days. But nowhere did the blow fall harder than in *The World's* own city room, where employees had been making a gallant fight to buy the paper and run it themselves. The staff was there in force, ready for whatever might befall, preparing what proved to be the last edition of the paper.

Nobody could remember when so many persons were in the city room of *The World*, at 2 o'clock in the morning, says a writer in the New York *Herald Tribune*, continuing:

Men who worked in the daytime covering the courts or the City Hall, men who came on duty in the early morning to write the late news for the early editions of *The Evening World*, men who seldom showed their faces around the office except on pay day—all were on hand.

The World had been sold.

The newspaper which the late Joseph Pulitzer put on its feet almost sixty years ago, which had seemed a virile, throbbing organism, giving off pay checks once a week, had vanished without a puff of smoke, had become in the space of a few minutes a mere shadow, a name to be hyphenated with that of *The Telegram*. Jobs which had lasted for years, service which had brought membership in the coveted Quarter-Century Club, had been dissipated into thin air.

It was a unique scene up there on the twelfth floor of the Pulitzer Building.

Ordinarily at that hour in the morning there would be six or eight men in the city room, lounging, playing cards, reading, occasionally giving cold response to the report of a fire in the Bronx which had caused the death of John Jones, twelve years old, with the phrase, "Sorry, too late, old man."

For once, here was a story in which every member of *The*

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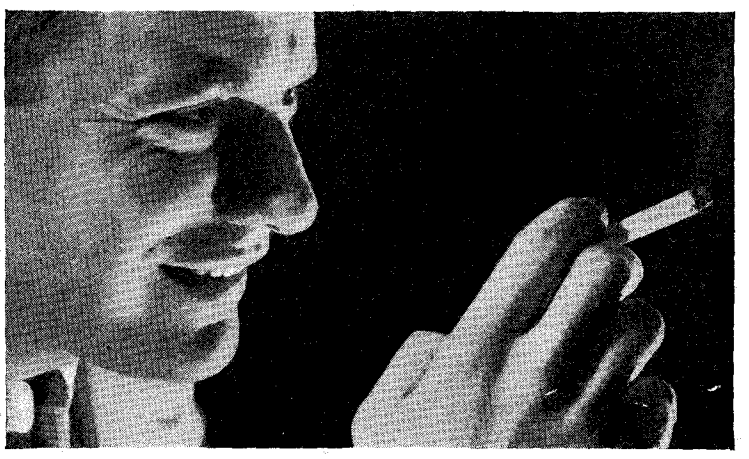
HE ENJOYS

his smoke

AND THE REASON IS SIMPLE

★



★ ★

SQUIBB Dental Cream makes smoking more enjoyable because it leaves such a *pleasant, refreshing* feeling throughout the mouth. You notice it every time you brush your teeth. And the reason is this:

Squibb Dental Cream is made with more than 50% Squibb Milk of Magnesia — a gentle antacid that soothes tender gums and *refreshes as it cleans.*

Squibb's is thoroughly safe. It contains no grit, no astringent — nothing which might injure. It cleans beautifully — teeth promptly sparkle and gleam.

In fact, most dentists agree that the Squibb type of dentifrice is most effective. Read the following summary of the replies received by a prominent research institution from an investigation made among 50,000 practicing dentists:

95% *of the answers stated that germ acids most frequently cause tooth decay and gum irritation;*

95% *agreed that the most serious trouble occurs at the place where teeth and gums meet;*

85% *stated that the best product to prevent these acids from causing decay and irritating the gums is Milk of Magnesia.*

Isn't this assurance that Squibb Dental Cream — *made with more than* 50% *Squibb Milk of Magnesia* — will protect your teeth and gums?

Copyright 1931 by E. R. Squibb & Sons

GUARDS THE DANGER LINE

World staff was vitally interested, and about 200 from *The World* and *The Evening World* were in the city room, waiting for it to "break." James Barrett, city editor, and president of the cooperative association, organized in the hope of entering a bid for the newspapers, had been there all day and all night.

Walter Lippmann, editor, and Ralph E. Renaud, managing editor, were in Mr. Renaud's office, watching the mist on the face of the mirror. As was fitting, the news came there first. A rewrite man had been called to a telephone booth. The decision of Surrogate Foley that *The World* could be sold, despite the effort of the late Joseph Pulitzer in his will to provide for immortality for it, already was known, tho not in detail.

"The decision," breathed some one, and every one leaned forward a little and lower jaws dropt as tho the telephoned words might somehow be absorbed. The tapping of type bars on paper rapped sharply through the silence, as Lindesay Parrott wrote the story of the sale of *The World* for the late editions.

Renaud came hastily from his office, tight-lipped, and conferred briefly at the night city desk, occupied by Benjamin Franklin. "*The World*," he said, had been sold; there would be a statement later from the trustees, Walter Joseph and Herbert Pulitzer, sons of the great publisher.

"A MISTY sigh welled up and died away," this account runs on, "and a reporter came bursting in with a photostatic copy of the Surrogate's decision." And we are told further:

He hastened to the night city desk. The photostatic copy started on its way to the composing-room. The reporters, blasé, cynical, in the face of stories which spelled tragedy to strangers, surged forward. They snatched at the photographed pages, scanned them avidly, and passed them on to others. So slowly, scorched by fervid glances, the copy passed on to the composing-room.

Lindesay Parrott, at his desk, was pecking fiercely at his typewriter—trying to make the edition, it might be the last edition.

Nobody knew. Anyway, Lindesay would make it.

They crowded around him, silently, unobstrusively. As he finished a page, it was snatched from the paten of his machine, scanned hungrily by the snatcher, passed to a neighbor, and so, eventually, found its way to the copy desk.

The copy desk, alone in all that silent turmoil with Lindesay Parrott, had work to do. It read the copy methodically. It smiled its disgusted smile and altered the spelling of a name; Lindesay never would learn. The name went to the composing-room corrected. Everything was perfect. The story was correct. *The World* was sold, and all the names were spelled correctly. The copy desk yawned and came to itself, gradually men got up from their seats and joined the silent throng, exchanging whispered comments and questions. *The World* was at an end, what next?

The massed whispers became a buzz, the buzz, clamorous conversation. Somebody started a collection to buy a watch for Jimmy Barrett, father of the plan for cooperative ownership of *The World*. The hat was passed. Pledges and cash came

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CUSTOMERS ★

A MAN STANDS on the street corner offering a dancing toy to the passing crowd. If you want it, pay the price asked and the deal is closed—no guarantees, no returns, no repeat business for him. This corner, today and another tomorrow. . . . He may make the sale, but he never makes a customer.

Most people, now, want better buying guides than snap judgment and face value. Give the product a name, offer it through recognized outlets, advertise it steadily and well—and you have made its purchase a confident one. You have made a business because you have made customers. If what you sell performs as promised, the chances for success are multiplied over and over. Each sale is a seed from which many sales will grow.

Customers buy by name because they know that certain names mean uniform goodness at fair prices. They buy all sorts of things the same way—soup and soap, pencils and motor cars, candy and plumbing fixtures. They know what they want and how to get it. Every year they do more of their buying by brand.

It is the work of advertising to make customers—not just sales. And it must do its work efficiently, like any other production department, at a profit. Planned soundly, with a clear conception of product and market and program *and people*, advertising shortens the distance between the plant and the final user. It makes selling effort more productive. It hastens and safeguards success.

N. W. AYER & SON, INC. • *Advertising*

WASHINGTON SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA • NEW YORK • BOSTON

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At Last!

an invention that gives you the PERFECT STEEL SHAFT

AFTER you see and try the Kroydon Matched Clubs with the new Hy-Power Steel Shafts, no others will satisfy you.

The Hy-Power Steel Shaft

Kroydon's marvelous machine draws seamless steel tubing into shafts *with any diameter desired at any point selected,* and with any wall thickness wanted at any spot predetermined. Whip and stiffness being under definite control, *perfect individual shafts are produced in everlasting steel* for every different iron in a Kroydon Matched Set. Finished in rustproof, non-reflecting, chromium plate, and *guaranteed* even against breakage.

Shock-Absorbing Joint

The Hy-Power Shaft is fused into the club-head with "Kroydon Metal"—soft, shock-absorbing and everlasting. *There is no steel-to-steel contact.* The head will never work loose.

New "Muscle-Back" Blades

Kroydon Irons for 1931 are all new models, especially designed for the new ball. *The weight is centered at the back of the short, deep-faced blades.* You'll get distance you never even hoped for with other irons.

The Only Matched Irons That Stay Matched Forever

Kroydon Irons have hardened steel soles which cannot nick and which require no grinding with consequent loss of weight. They are rustproof and *they stay matched forever.*

New Wood Models

Built to give distance with the new ball. Leading professionals now using these new Kroydon deep-faced woods consider them *the finest ever manufactured.*

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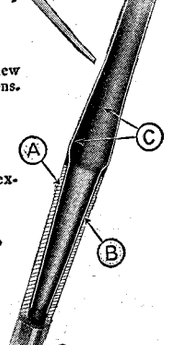
Matched Irons—Sets of 5, 6, 8, 9 or 10—$41.75 to $100. Individual Irons, $5 to $10. Matched Woods, $30 to $75. Individual Woods, $5 to $25.



A Cross section of hosel of the new "Muscle-Back" Kroydon Irons.

B Soft metal insulation fusing steel shaft and club-head. Prevents hand shock.

C Hy-Power Steel Shaft. An exclusive Kroydon Patent.

Write to The Kroydon Co., Dept. H, Maplewood, N. J., for "Billy Kroydon's" interesting Booklet on Golf.

Kroydon
Clubs for Better Golf

quickly. The watch was assured. They felt more cheerful. They gathered about the drawn and pallid Jimmy Barrett, and sang, "For he's a jolly good fellow," and "John Brown's Body." Then they felt better, but Jimmy Barrett didn't seem to.

THE "tender reminiscences of the journal's palmier days," take us back, according to a copyrighted Consolidated Press Association dispatch by Lemuel F. Parton, to "the late nineties and the early nineteen hundreds," when "all the *D'Artagnans* of newspaperdom seemed to find their way sooner or later to *The World*." Says Mr. Parton further:

Those were the times when the newspaper boys went after a crime story like a beagle after a rabbit. Ike White of *The World* staff was the first of the great newspaper sleuths who used to anger the police by beating them to the solution of a crime mystery. When Russell Sage's Wall Street office was bombed, it was White who solved the crime with nothing but a single button from a man's coat to start on. He ran down the bomb thrower.

There were the three famous East Side reporters, "Izzy," "Hazzy," and "Wuzzy," first on the job and first in with the answer when there was a ruction or a murder in their territory. They, too, used to bedevil the police by making them look ridiculous.

Sam Blythe was on the morning *World*, and a crack reporter he was. Frank I. Cobb, regarded by many as perhaps the greatest of American editorial writers of the last few decades, came along in later years, dying, in the service of *The World*, in 1925.

Louis Seibold, at the turn of the century, was an omniscient political reporter, spotting unerringly the deeper drifts at Albany and Washington.

The World used to turn its whole pack loose on such roaring big stories as the Molineaux murder trial, when the old Southern General Molineaux fought through a long, melodramatic court encounter and saved his son, accused of having poisoned a woman. In those days District Attorney Jerome, and his assistants, James Osborne, Frank Rand, and Arthur Train, were ripping the lid off everything in sight, and *The World* had the time of its life getting in on these big doings.

Irvin S. Cobb, from Paducah, Kentucky, via Louisville, where he wrote the "Sour Mash" column on the Louisville *Evening Post*, was on *The Evening World* from 1905 until 1911. "I hope it's nothing trivial," was his frequently quoted remark, when he heard of the illness of his hard-boiled city editor, Charles Chapin. Chapin died recently in Sing Sing prison, after serving twenty years of a life sentence for murdering his wife.

Barton Currie, demon morning *World* reporter, later became editor of *The Ladies Home Journal*. Winfield Sheehan became head of the Fox Film interests. Robert Duneke and Charles Edward Russell were *World* city editors in those days. Harry Stowe was another great reporter and, like Ike White, a nemesis to criminals.

The World, in that far-off, misty era, was always up and at something or other. It rode the gangsters, the gamblers, the drug pedlers, and tilted against the incipient racketeering of that day.

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Shooting Deer in Michigan with Lens and Shutter

THE bolting buck landed with a deafening clatter in a pile of rusty tin cans which past hunting parties had left near the cabin in the Lake Superior country.

There had been two of the bucks, noble creatures. "Their sleek coats fairly shone," as Ben East, nature editor of the Grand Rapids *Press*, tells us in *American Forests*, "and their beamed antlers were polished and hard as steel sabers."

The cabin had been unused for some time and the creatures of the forest had grown bold. These bucks lingered in the yard, unconscious at first that man had returned to the place.

Then, we read, "some subtle warning of sound or scent was borne to them from the camp. Simultaneously their heads were flung up, their sharp alert ears pricked toward the door. An instant later the nearer dashed away, his white flag flashing among the birches and the balsams.

"Then the second one whirled. But alas for him! His first long bound brought him down with a crash upon the heap of rusty tin cans. From that clattering heap the frightened buck fled as if all the imps of the forests were at his heels, as he no doubt thought they were."

Mr. East tells the story in an article on his adventures and misadventures in tracking deer in the forests of the Great Lakes region, chiefly for photographic purposes.

At the outset we find him with his companions, crouching in the underbrush at the edge of a little clearing. The sun is dropping steadily downward toward "the tall spruce spires," we are told as we read on:

> Long shadows crept steadily out from the dark wall of forest that rimmed the meadow, and we watched those shadows anxiously, eagerly.
>
> The remaining minutes of sunlight were few. Unless something caused the five whitetail deer—feeding with provocative slowness toward the center of the clearing—to quicken their pace they would come within camera range too late for good light.
>
> Behind us the surf beat with a soft, steady whisper on the stony beach of the Straits of Mackinac.
>
> The rim of the great red orb touched the tip of the highest spruce spire, and I leveled my camera and studied the deer—five tiny gray dots on the ground glass. With a more powerful lens I might have made it. As it was there was no use to press the shutter release. When I looked again the sun was a blazing ball caught in the latticed tops of the forest. The light was gone. I had failed again.
>
> From below the rim of the bank we watched that band of deer for more than a half hour, while dusk deepened over the northern forest and an unseasonably early whippoorwill set up his cadenced calling back in the timber. They finally worked their way along toward the far corner of the clearing, close to the crest of a steep, wooded bank. Others came out of the woods to join them, and five of the herd

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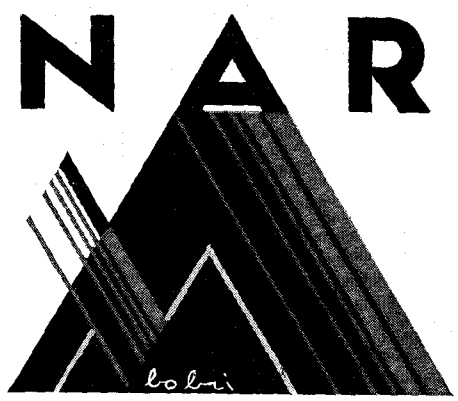

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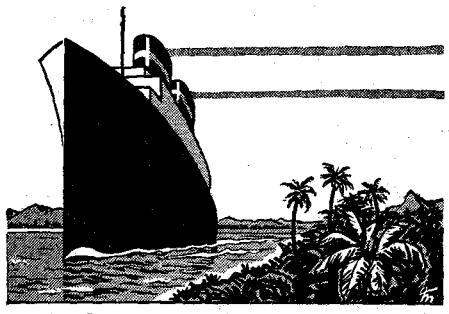

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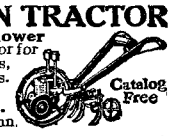

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made their way almost to the edge of the bluff.

Then, just to test the eyesight of the feeding deer, I left our hiding-place by the pine and walked along the foot of the bluff. Coming to one of their well-traveled runways that led up the steep bank, I carefully made my way up, inch by inch, stepping on no dry twig, letting no alder or young birch swish against my clothing.

My head came level with the top of the bluff, and through a fringe of low brush I peered out over the darkening meadow. Five deer fed peacefully, literally within stone's throw of me, blissfully unaware that I was on the same continent with them. The nearest was no more than fifty feet away. Very carefully I pulled myself up until only the fringe of brush separated me from the deer. Then with the utmost caution, moving only when all five were feeding, I wormed through the brush until I was clear of all cover. There in the open field, within forty feet of the nearest doe, I came slowly to my feet.

It was incredible!

I had moved up and surprized an animal that in all the forest has few peers for wariness.

I was standing erect now, unbelievably close to them, and because their noses and ears brought them no warning—I had the wind across my shoulders, of course—they had no suspicion of my presence.

I think at that moment I felt the same triumphant thrill that quickens the pulse of wolf or cougar at the end of a successful stalk, just when the muscles are flexing for the long soaring leap or the swift scrambling rush.

I had brought my heavy camera with me, futile as I knew it to be. Slowly I opened it, lifted and leveled it and brought it to focus on the nearest doe, moving with clocklike deliberation. In the waning light the deer was only a gray smudge on the finder, but I tript the shutter anyway.

At its clatter the five deer leapt as at the sting of an arrow, facing me with heads lifted, ears erect, all alarm and consternation.

For a few seconds they stared, striving to locate the danger that had moved upon them, the menace they had heard but could not see.

Then I whistled softly, and they waited no longer upon the identity of their visitor or the order of their going.

Five flags flashed white in the dusk, and from the timber a sharp shot rang out, to send other flags flying woodsward farther along the edge of the meadow.

NEXT day, however, Mr. East had better luck with the whitetails. It was to Crane Island, this time, that he took his camera. But before telling the story, he describes the scene, saying:

Crane Island is a natural fawning refuge for the deer of that region. Years ago, no one knows how long, the does began swimming across the cut in early spring, doubtless seeking a place of safety from timber wolves and other enemies that ranged the wilderness.

There the fawns are born, and there the does remain until the summer pasturage becomes scarce, and the fawns are old enough to be led across the cut to the mainland. Then Crane Island sees no more deer until another spring.

In a patch of cedar and aspen on the island I cornered five does simply by driving them one by one from the smaller thickets. When the five were gathered

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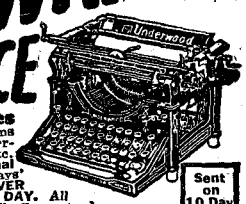

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in the timber, Brunson and Laway went around to the westward and came down the beach with the wind, driving the band out of cover within less than a hundred feet of where I lay in hiding with my camera.

They came in no great hurry, in single file with their flags down, an unerring sign that they sensed no great alarm.

Still, it was a picture of deer on the run, driven past the blind, not deer at home in the summer woods, quiet and undisturbed. Nor was there a chance for a second attempt. At the clatter of the shutter five flags leapt skyward and five deer rocked away down the beach.

When I finally did succeed in making the whitetail pictures I had futilely coveted so long, it was as might have been expected, easy to the point of absurdity. At an ancient cabin, buried in the Northern wilderness, miles from the nearest neighbor, and occupied by a friendly trapper who had made the deer offerings of salt all summer, I found one July afternoon a band of whitetails so tame that filming them was only a little more difficult than photographing a flock of sheep.

It far exceeded sheep photography for thrills, however. While we slept in the cabin that night a doe, doubtless this same one, came up and rubbed her muzzle against our window screen. The next morning at sunrise we pointed the camera through an open window in the loft of the cabin and photographed does and bucks on a salt lick but a few yards away until we grew weary of it.

When a Cigar Was a Smoke

HIS company had just captured some Germans.

He was an American, a son of the great singer Schumann-Heink, of operatic renown —his own name, Arthur S. Heink.

This happened during the World War, and we know it, because the *Frankfurter Zeitung* says so.

When Heink's comrades had brought in those captives, the Germans sighed for some tobacco. They said they had not smoked for months.

One of the Germans asked Heink for a cigaret. Heink had none. But he pulled a cigar out of his vest pocket and gave it to the famished German.

The face of this German wore a beatific expression as he puffed at the cigar.

Then from his own vest pocket the German pulled a gold watch. It was an exquisite timepiece. The German insisted that Heink, in return for the cigar, take the gold watch and keep it.

Years passed. Heink became second officer of a ship. He happened to be in Hamburg.

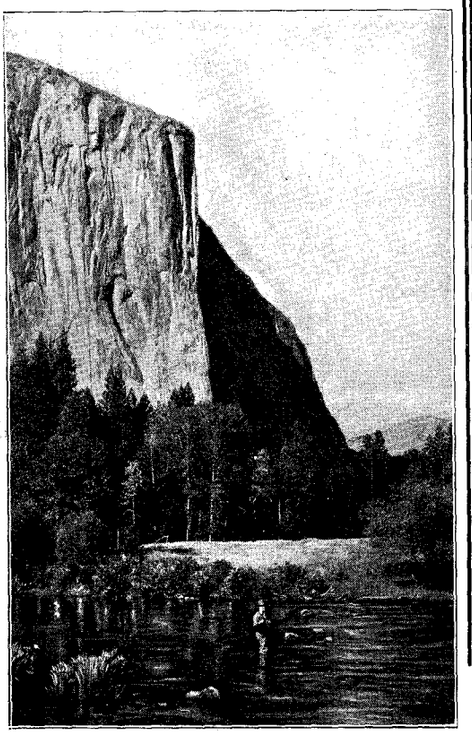
Sauntering through a big street, he paused to gaze into a shop window. A hand was laid on his shoulder. Heink turned to find a stranger gazing at him in the friendliest fashion.

"Have you," asked the stranger, "got my watch still?"

Then Heink recognized the man.

"Yes," said the American, "here it is." He insisted that the German take it and keep it.

Long the German eyed the exquisite timepiece. "No," he said, "fair exchange is no robbery." Then he disappeared, leaving Heink the possessor of the fine gold watch he got for a cigar.



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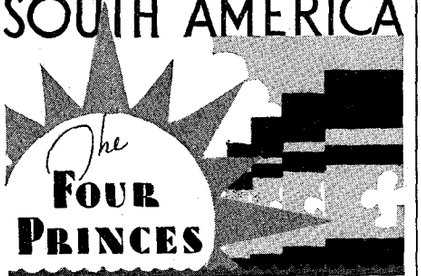

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The Woman Who Didn't Pay

THE man who first said: "It's the woman who pays," didn't know Mrs. Buford E. Hiles of Chicago.

Mrs. Hiles, we read in an Associated Press dispatch from that city, published in the Buffalo *Courier-Express*, nearly wore herself out the other night not paying for the nice things that came to her home—C.O.D.—during the husband's absence from the city on a business trip.

First a messenger stood at the door, with a bunch of roses in his hands.

And, the anecdote reads on:

"It's $6 collect," said he.

"Collect?" questioned the puzzled Mrs. Hiles. "My husband would never send me roses collect. Take them away."

He did.

He had no sooner gone, however, when another boy, with another box of roses and a bill for $5, appeared.

"Take them away," she ordered.

The second messenger left and was followed by another, who also carried roses, but Mrs. Hiles knew what to do.

"If they're collect," she said, "you can run along." They were.

Next came a pair of shoes, size eight, which she declined to pay for, followed by a C.O.D. chair, payment for which was likewise refused.

Then Mr. Hiles came home, and explained. It seems some one stole his expense account check from a mail-box, tried to cash it at various places by making purchases, was refused, and made a graceful escape each time by saying:

"Oh, well, just send this stuff C.O.D."

Ruth Nichols's "High Old Time"

THE "well-padded Eskimo" was "ready for all emergencies."

Her suit was of "reindeer skin with the fur on the outside." Underneath this, Ishbel Ross continues in the New York *Herald Tribune*, she wore "a green sports skirt and four sweaters of different hues. A plaid muffler was wound around her throat, and her flying helmet was lined with fur, and had an extra flap to protect her forehead. Her skating socks were augmented by fur-lined overstockings of reindeer hide. Her boots were of reindeer hide with beaded tops, and the total effect was that of a well-padded Eskimo."

Well might she bundle herself thus, for she was bound for a trip from the Jersey City airport into the Arctic regions of the upper air, with its temperatures of 50 and 60 degrees below zero.

For this "well-padded Eskimo" was none other than Miss Ruth Nichols.

She was starting the recent dramatic flight in which she set a new altitude record for women. As *The Herald Tribune* explains:

When she stept smilingly from the plane in her reindeer outfit, she said that one of the altimeters had registered a height of 30,450 feet and another 30,350 feet. The remaining two had stopt registering at 20,000 feet. Miss Elinor Smith previously

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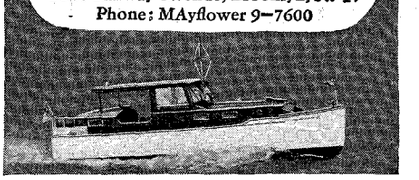

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held the record for women of 27,418 feet.

George Haldeman holds the world's record of 30,457 feet for commercial planes, while the record for military planes is 43,166 feet, made by Lieut. Apollo Soucek, of the United States Navy.

The plane, a wasp-powered Lockheed-Vega, is used to record making. In it Miss Nichols made her celebrated transcontinental flight, and William S. Brock his flight from Jacksonville to San Diego and return.

Miss Nichols came through the altitude ordeal in splendid shape.

"I had a high old time," she observes

Drest for the Arctic Regions Six Miles Up in the Air

playfully in an article copyrighted by the New York *Times* and North American Newspaper Alliance.

And in Miss Ross's account in *The Herald Tribune*, Miss Nichols's story of the flight is quoted directly, thus:

I wasn't dizzy, and I didn't feel like fainting. I feel splendid. It was an interesting experience. I'd like to try it again. I had stuffed my nostrils with cotton wool, so that if anything happened the oxygen tube in my mouth would keep me going.

The wind was surprizingly strong. It must have been 100 miles an hour—a west wind that blew me about five miles out to sea. I dropt a few times and rose again, always trying to increase my altitude.

Doing the last few thousand feet it did not seem as if I was moving at all. I seemed

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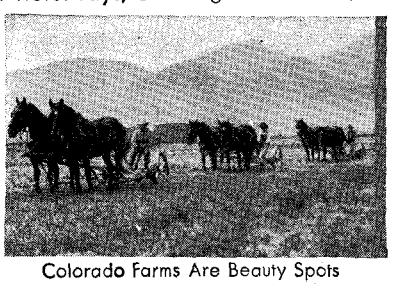

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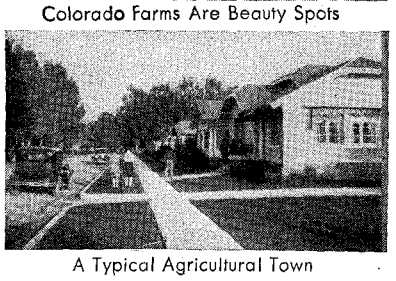

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For hard-working voices—a Smith Brothers' Cough Drop . . . *Quickly* the bound, hoarse feeling disappears.

When you face wind and weather, take along a box of S. B. Drops!... It's an inexpensive—but a wise—precaution.

to be staring at the same fixt point below me. The clouds appeared to be a level mass and I seldom saw the earth.

I felt warm and comfortable throughout. The thing that amazed me most was the ease of my experience. My worst moment was when I started to come down too hastily. I felt a pounding in my head, and quickly regulated the plane. The sensation passed at once.

I hadn't meant to come down so far. I wanted to make another try for greater altitude, but considering the state of my gasoline I thought I had better make for land.

I had stowed away the extra tank for just such an emergency. It was lucky I had it with me.

And then more details of the flight are related by Miss Ross:

The thermometer stopt registering at forty degrees below zero, but, fortified by layers of flannel, reindeer skin, and fur, she was not unduly cold as she climbed through the clouds and emerged into a more rarefied atmosphere.

She reached an altitude of 28,500 feet in thirty minutes, and it took twenty minutes to make the rest of the climb. Her plane carried fifty gallons of gasoline when she took off at 12:33 P.M. Only one and a half were left when she landed at 2:03 o'clock.

Miss Nichols had an anxious moment when she reached the peak of her flight. Her gasoline gave out and the motor stopt. She switched on an auxiliary tank, containing five gallons, and started down.

An Unemployment Grouch in Glamourous Monte Carlo

HIS Most Serene Highness smiled indulgently as the battery of ancient brass cannon roared out a salute, and the mob, held back by a thin line of blue-clad soldiers, howled imprecations.

"Down with Prince Louis!" shouted the revolution-minded populace.

"Down with the monarchy!"

"Down with the Casino!"

"Long live the Republic of Monaco!"

"Down with the tyrant!"

"Drive out the robbers!"

"Chase away the bloodsuckers of the people!"

Prince Louis, ruler of Monaco, that tiny principality on the Mediterranean, at the southeastern corner of France, smiled indulgently, because he was used to such outbursts when he returned from visits in France.

"Ah, if all my 1,574 subjects, men, women, children, and babies, could only be croupiers!" Prince Louis smiled resignedly to his aid, after the last home-coming episode, we read. "How happy this principality would be, and I, too."

That's the trouble in Monaco, according to a copyrighted article by R. S. Fendrick, in the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*. Every Monegasque wants to be a croupier in the Casino at Monte Carlo, capital of the tiny State, and there aren't enough jobs to go around. A less virulent form, you see, of unemployment.

"Why should the Monegasques complain?" Mr. Fendrick inquires as he paints a most charming picture of their life. They have, we read:

A little Garden of Eden, nestling like a jewel on the shores of the sunny, blue Mediterranean, but freed from all the cares and anxieties and economic problems and alarms of war of other nations. No taxes, no civic burdens, no military service. A delightful, invigorating climate, cheap food and house rents, and gas and electricity, at one-eighteenth of what it costs just across the street in France.

Utterly nothing for the natives to worry about except to find a polite, effective method for separating 150,000 tourists annually from their money, provided they have any left after the Casino has finished with them.

And still they growl, throw stones at the castle, talk bloodthirstily of revolution, and insult his Most Serene Highness every time he sticks his head out to breathe a little fresh air!

But, despite the Eden-like conditions of life in Monaco, there is this cause of discord:

How to provide all of the 1,574 subjects, and particularly the 750 electors among them, with one of these sweet places, especially as there are only 525 jobs, of which three-fourths are allotted to foreigners?

It is the supreme tragedy of Monaco, the haunting fear that keeps Prince Louis awake at night; only 131 armchairs for 750 loyal patriots!

Unfortunately, there are many obstacles along the way. For one thing, the Casino is owned by Frenchmen, who not only operate the gaming rooms, but the whole principality, as they please. For another, the country is overrun by foreigners. The last census showed only 1,574 Monegasques out of a total of 25,000, there being 9,626 Italians, 9,126 French, 2,242 English, 384 Swiss, 323 Americans, 171 Russians, 177 Dutch, 50 Danes, 55 Hungarians, 86 Czechs, 193 Germans, 53 Turks, 23 Greeks, 13 Persians, and so on.

The profession of croupier is difficult, in spite of this general desire to assume it. A would-be croupier, we read, "must attend for months a special school that is operated in the basement of the Casino, where he is taught all the fine points of the game, as well as the decisions to take in case of disputes." Reading on:

He must become a diplomat to his finger-tips, know at least three or four languages fluently, and learn to keep his head in a confused situation.

It is disconcerting when a ruined gamester shoots himself at a table, or a woman swallows poison. A man must know what to do at once, in addition to pressing a secret button for the house detectives.

Is some one cheating?

Do the 100,000 franc chips look queer?

Has a lady taken a winning bet that belongs to some one else?

The croupier must act instantly, firmly and try not to hurt any one's feelings.

He must also have a charming personality, keep the players in good spirits even when they are losing, and, above all things, he can not have a disturbing influence.

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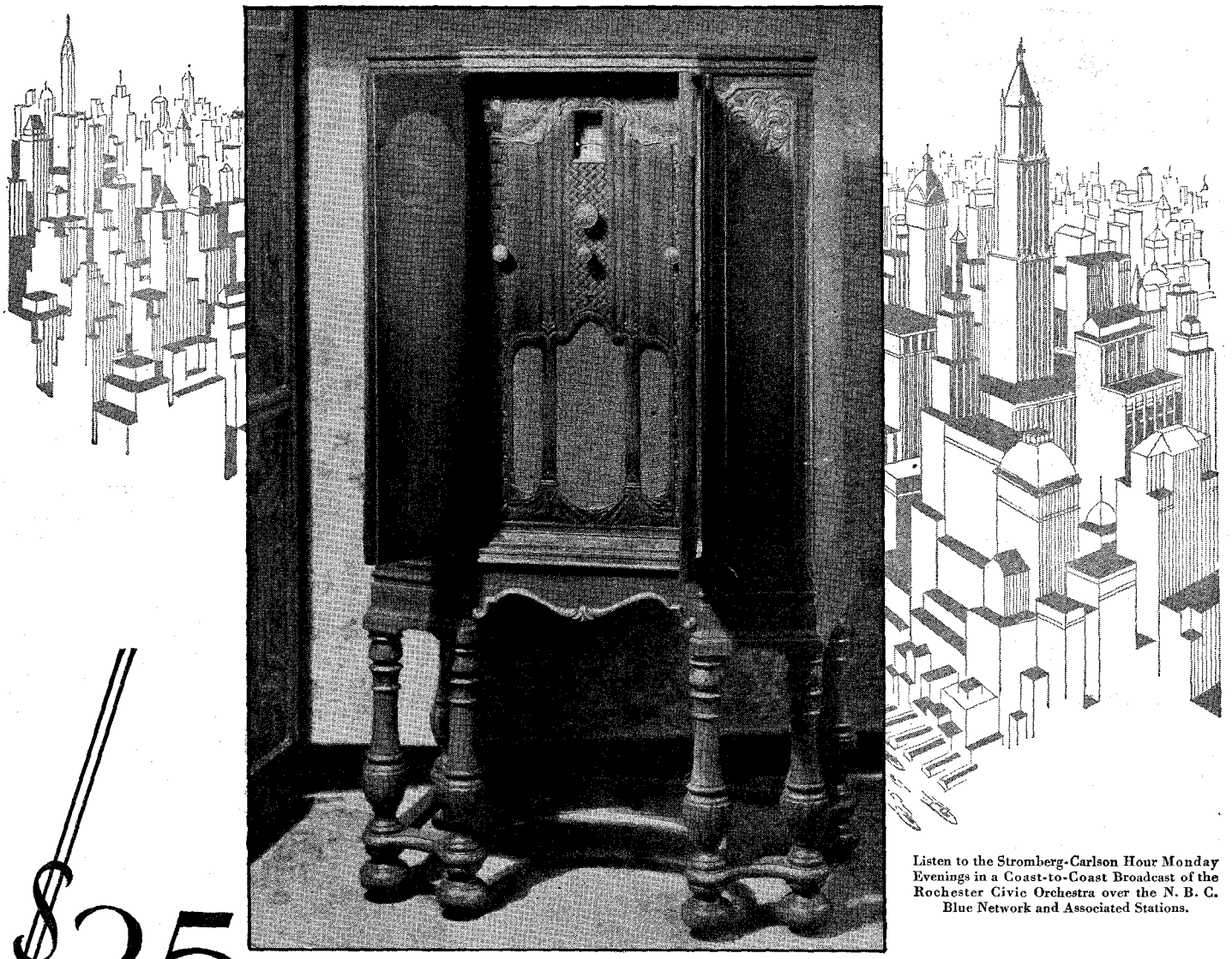

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NEW YORKERS and their near neighbors have not merely *spent* that much for Stromberg-Carlson receivers. They today *own* that many dollars worth. And new owners daily are putting more thousands of dollars into Stromberg-Carlsons because of the satisfaction past owners have enjoyed.

Why—when so many names have come and gone in radio—does Stromberg-Carlson's name grow as the lasting symbol of quality in radio?

Stromberg-Carlson refuses to compromise the standards which have made the public feel absolutely safe in buying its products. Stromberg-Carlson will not reduce the standards of size it knows to be vital to the fullest, finest tone possible in radio. It will not lessen the quality of its materials or the weight it knows are needed for long life and uninterrupted fine performance. Stromberg-Carlson will not use substitutes for genuine fine woods in its cabinets to compete with products sold only by their cheapness.

Stromberg-Carlson would rather not be famed for selling the *smallest* radios in the world, the *cheapest* radios in the world or the *most* radios in the world; Stromberg-Carlson would rather its owners continue to say:—"There is nothing finer than a Stromberg-Carlson."

No. 12 Grand Console, illustrated above. Stromberg-Carlson unsurpassed quality Receivers range in price from $155 to $369. The Multi-Record Radio, (automatic radio-phonograph combination, electrical) $645. (Prices, less tubes, East of Rockies.) They may be purchased with moderate down payment out of income. Learn your dealer's address from your telephone directory.

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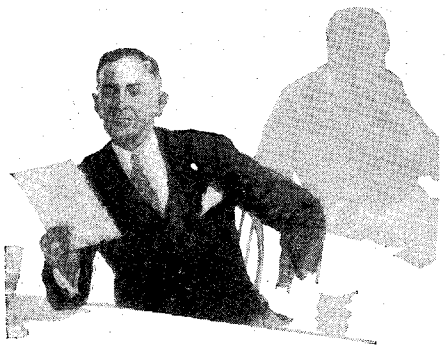

Too Much Acid

a sour stomach, gas, indigestion follow!

If fear of the after-effects spoils the enjoyment of your meals, you may be suffering from an acid condition.

Those pangs of indigestion right after eating and that heavy feeling in your stomach hours afterwards; the gas, sourness, burning, are signs of too much acid. Take an anti-acid and neutralize the excess acid. You won't be comfortable until you do.

Phillips' Milk of Magnesia will correct that over-acid condition every time. It acts pleasantly but promptly and most effectively. It supplies alkali that is needed to correct excess acid. It relieves the bloating, burning, pain and sick headaches. It soothes the stomach lining. It is also gently laxative. Many make a practice of taking one teaspoonful before each meal. A delightful way to keep the stomach always sweet; to keep bowels from becoming sluggish and to guard against the condition known as auto-intoxication.

Get a bottle of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia today; read the directions and learn its many important uses. You'll never know all its benefits until you've tried the genuine—the creamy emulsion which is made by Phillips.

PHILLIPS'
Milk of Magnesia

CURRENT POETRY

UNSOLICITED CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS DEPARTMENT CAN NOT BE RETURNED. UNPUBLISHED POETRY UNAVAILABLE

THERE is no sophistication in this mind, where religion is a reality. From *The Commonweal* (New York):

CATALINA

BY M. JUDITH SCRUGGS

Catalina sings when she goes to the mountain.
Catalina sings when she stops at the fountain.
Catalina's eyes hold the sparkle of the sea
And fresh are her lips, fresh as cherries on a tree.

Catalina carries stalks of *azucenas*,
And drives a milk-white burro, called *Muchas Penas*,
Loaded down with mangoes and basket of gay fruit.
Catalina calls, "Who'll buy?"—rippling like a lute.

Catalina's lilies the people crowd to buy,
Catalina says, "Can't sell," and they wonder why.
They offer many pesos—bid the dearest price.
Catalina shakes her head, "Lilies are too nice."

Catalina gathers her stalks of *azucenas*,
Speaks in dulcet tones to patient *Muchas Penas*.
Having sold her glowing fruit, waving, she departs;
Leaving sighing swains, with their money and their hearts.

Catalina's lilies drop at the Virgin's feet,
With such a little prayer, made in accents sweet.
Catalina sings when she comes from the mountain.
Catalina sings when she stops at the fountain.

THIS one evidently wishes you to appreciate "God's own country." From *The Will o' the Wisp* (Suffolk, Va.):

EUROPE

BY STANTON A. COBLENTZ

I wandered solemn-browed through town and shore;
For where patched ruins straggled brokenly,
Or in old gabled streets, I could but see
The trooping phantoms of the long Before.
I heard the bonfires of burnt witches roar;
I saw lance-hurling legions break and flee;
Watched the wet blade of death; knew the red glee
Of looters on some smoking palace floor.

The still cathedral aisles were like a hymn
To martyred hordes; the low stone houses spoke
Of centuries that suffered, dreamed and died . . .
Till the remorseful past, grown shadow-dim,
Bore down upon me like a dead man's yoke,
And each worn hovel watched me pass, and sighed.

IN most city-dwellers is cherished that platonic memory that *The Nation and Athenæum* (London) celebrates:

CITY

BY ROMILLY JOHN

But that far long-forgotten land
Is but a dream whereon we dwell,
A rustic thought that will survive;
And though we give our aged hand
To ring the city's iron bell,
A tiny part of mind we give
To that dear myth, the long-forgotten land.

We are but tired pulses, we,
In something greater than we know,
And through our veins an alien heart,
A mighty heart we cannot see,
Measures out in rhythmic flow
Its blood to every living part:
And yet a tiny part of mind is free.

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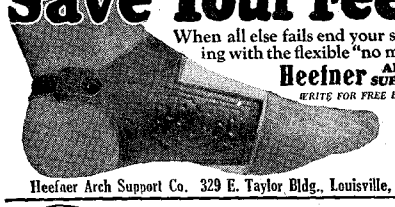

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THE RIGHT WORD English Synonyms, Antonyms and Prepositions, by James C. Fernald, L.H.D., shows how to command it. Contains 8,000 discriminated Synonyms and nearly 4,000 Antonyms. Cloth. 742 pp. $2.25; postage 14c. Funk & Wagnalls Company, 354-60 Fourth Ave., N.Y. **IN THE RIGHT PLACE**

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ACTS LIKE MAGIC ON TIRED, TENDER SMARTING PERSPIRING FEET
THE 62 ANNIVERSARY
AT ALL DRUGGISTS

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'Tis that free mind for ever true
Which is the fount of all our tears,
The whiles we ring the iron bell.
Above the dome, about the blue,
With other ears than city ears
We hear the notes that sound farewell,
Farewell to something that we never knew.

GOSSIP, like an evil Greek chorus, is dramatized in this series from *The Frontier:*

SIX CURTAINS

BY HOWARD MCKINLEY CORNING

1. THE THREE OLD LADIES

They edged at twilight down the village walks,
Met and conspired where the oaks were thick,
The three old ladies slim as hollyhocks,
Their eyes like beetles and their tongues a-click.
Somewhat beyond the village where Fall's Trail
Crept toward the hills the six black eyes discerned
The rusty shack . . . the bride's house with the pale
Six curtains where the flames of sunset burned.

"You won't stay long!" they'd said . . . "For good!" she'd vowed . . .
There in that shack all fall she'd cooked and peered
Out through six curtains while her husband plowed.
"You won't stay long!" . . . And now three spinsters leered
Across harsh fields to gloat, "I told you so!"—
And darkness coming where no white would show . . .

2. THE BRIDE'S STORY

The three old spinsters went . . . Across the stumps
She saw their black hats bobbing, saw the crows
Circle, descend, then lift off toward the humps
Of the emerald hills . . . Since then how many snows
Had fallen and how many times the white
Frail curtains at the windows seemed a drift
Forever on the fields from dawn till night,
Whether it snowed or not? . . . Each time she'd lift
The curtains and her eyes no snow was there—
But those bleak stumps, and wider than before
Her husband's plowing lines, and in the air
Those black crows circling always . . . On the door
He found her note like crow feet on white snow:
"If white was black and black was white, you'd know."

3. THE HUSBAND'S STORY

"There are too many women in this world,"
He said, and plowed his lines, watching the furrow
Turn darkly back, and where the road was curled
Below the stumpy slope watching the narrow
Black spinsters going home. "There are too many
Dark hearts whose only magic is for knowing
How proud the weak are, where the veriest penny
Will turn the scales of heaven. Those curtains blowing—
What won't women mock you with!" His constant toil
Merged with the months. The winter spread a whiteness
The damp earth leached away; the furrowed soil
Stiffened, while his salt lips would not confess
How hard life lines the heart . . . When white goes black
It's black that leaves and only black comes back.

4. THE EMPTY CABIN

"They're gone!" . . . The three slim spinsters pushed the door
Against the cabin's quiet, felt the chill
Unhuman hands of twilight. "See, the floor
Is clean as any table! . . . Why, the till
Of her old trunk is empty! . . . 'Pon my word,
She left his picture!" . . . And, "Why, sure enough
He was a foxy buzzard, a hard bird;
I doubt he ever felt an honest love."
They stared out through the curtains where the gloom
Was thickening. They felt the chintz; appraised
An epitaph in white that had been doom.
And, seeing something less where she had gazed,
They took the curtains down which they had given . . .
And three black effigies marched up to heaven.

THE ROBOT AT THE HELM

HERE is a struggle of intense interest to all music lovers.

If the Robot of Canned Music wrests the helm from the Muse, passengers aboard the good ship Musical Culture may well echo the offer of Gonzalo to trade "a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of ground." Are you content to face a limitless expanse of "sound" without a sign of music?

Monotony in the theatre—corruption of taste—destruction of art. These must inevitably follow substitution of mechanical music for living music.

Millions of Music Defense League members cordially invite you to join them in putting the Robot in his place. Just sign and mail the coupon.

American Federation of Musicians
1440 Broadway, New York, N. Y. LD-3-21

Gentlemen: Without further obligation on my part, please enroll my name in the Music Defense League as one who is opposed to the elimination of Living Music from the Theatre.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State .....

THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF MUSICIANS

(*Comprising 140,000 professional musicians in the United States and Canada*)

JOSEPH N. WEBER, *President,* 1440 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE

Our First $5,000,000,000 Corporation

"FIVE BILLIONS IN ONE BASKET."

The phrase is the Brooklyn *Eagle's*, commenting on the fact that the Bell Telephone System now reports assets exceeding $5,000,000,000—"no other single business under private operation can approach that figure."

And it is in a year of world-wide business depression that the American Telephone and Telegraph Company with its affiliates establishes itself as such a financial giant. As the New York *Times* notes, the news comes in the annual report of the president of the company.

True, there was a slight decrease in net income from 1929 to 1930, but it was less than one-half of one per cent., and applied to the common stock of the company it meant earnings of $10.44 a share as against $12.67 the previous year. But in other respects there was advance. As President Gifford says in the report:

> The depression which affected business in general during 1930 inevitably affected the telephone business, but not in a way or to an extent to disturb the fundamental objectives of the Bell System. It has been able to continue to improve and extend telephone service.
>
> There was a net gain in the number of telephones installed of 122,500, which compares with 821,400 in 1929. The total number of local-telephone conversations was 2 per cent., and the total number of toll and long-distance conversations was 1 per cent. above 1929.
>
> Average investment in plant and other assets of the system increased 14.5 per cent.
>
> Total assets at the end of the year amounted to $5,000,195,000.

FOR the employees of the Bell System as a whole, continues Mr. Gifford, "there have been no reductions in wage rates, and the amount paid for wages in 1930 was the largest sum in the history of the business." There was a small net reduction in the number of employees during the year, due entirely to the fact that fewer new people were taken on. Where necessary "work has been distributed so far as practical to provide employment for the maximum number of employees."

The American Telephone and Telegraph Company has a definite plan for expenditures for improvement and expansion, and spent $585,000,000 in this way in 1930. The construction program for this year is a trifle smaller, amounting to about $450,000,000.

One reason why the investment world is interested in the growth of the A. T. & T., writes Robert Denver in the New York *Evening Post*, "is found in the fact that it boasts the greatest army of shareholders under a single corporation banner"—

> And this army, aggregating 567,694 individuals and investors at the end of 1930, is scattered to the four corners of the globe.

THE success of the Bell System, writes Paul Willard Garrett, the *Evening Post's* financial editor, "comes from a planned pursuit of business in which all hands pull together, and pull hard; it comes from an employee loyalty to an ideal." He adds:

> Apart from sickness, accident, and death benefits, pensions, and the usual expenditures of this character, the Bell System deliberately offers employment on a basis that will enable its employees "to meet the vicissitudes of life with the maximum assurance possible." It actively promotes among its employees various thrift plans to encourage saving. More than 80 per cent. of all A. T. & T. employees participate in one or more of these plans.
>
> Interesting it is that in the depression year of 1930 employees of the Bell System saved $70,000,000 under these plans, or 10 per cent. of their pay. In 1929 they saved 8 per cent.
>
> In this management policy applied down through the years is the secret to an employee loyalty that explains more than any other single item the telephone company's unmatched material success.

Buying Cars—and Stimulating Business—with Bonus Cash

COMES THE GUESS FROM DETROIT that about half the 700-odd millions in loans to veterans "will be spent by the veterans for what they need most, and what they need most is automobiles."

The guess is ventured by *The Michigan Manufacturer and Financial Record* in the motor capital.

News dispatches from Detroit indicate that the editor just quoted is more or less correct, altho he is probably overstating the proportion of the money being spent for cars.

A dispatch to the New York *Times* speaks of an estimate setting "at about 20 or 25 per cent. the proportion of the loan-money which will be spent for automobiles throughout the country." Dealers everywhere, according to a New York *Evening Post* dispatch, "are well 'booked up' with promises from veteran soldiers and requests to 'wait until I get my bonus.'"

And a *Wall Street Journal* dispatch from Detroit tells how enthusiastic the automobile dealers there are over the prospects of a substantial volume of business from the veterans:

> In some instances actual sales have been made in which the down-payments have been made from bonus money.
>
> One dealer has made three such sales, with three additional buyers waiting for checks to make their down-payments.
>
> Another dealer reported five new car commitments by veterans waiting for their bonus checks.

THESE reports from Detroit do not exactly please the New York *Journal of Commerce*, which thinks they tend "to confirm the gloomy warnings contained in the veto message of the President against borrowing upon life-insurance policies for the purpose of buying other than absolute necessities." Of course, it is admitted, "the temporary stimulus to business must be conceded, whatever the character of the outlays, but few would contend that business is going to be substantially improved by transactions which represent at best a one-time buying spurt of limited scope and duration." But *The Journal of Commerce* thinks "there has been serious exaggeration of the extent to which improvident buying by veterans is likely to be carried."

Most of the loan-money, which the Chicago *Evening Post* hears will range between $700,000,000 and $1,000,000,000, will be in the hands of veterans by May 1, and the Chicago daily notes a "growing tendency in business circles to regard the passing out of these funds as a tonic which will accelerate the trade revival apparent in the last six weeks." But *The Evening Post* thinks that those "who would become too joyous over the trade stimulus given by the bonus payments will do well to realize that further readjustments entailed by the depression may have been postponed, but they are not averted."

A quite different aspect is envisaged by the Mobile *Register*, which is imprest by the findings of Chicago newspaper reporters who went among veterans to discover what they were going to do with their money:

> It was found that eight out of ten of the men interviewed were getting the money to meet obligations, and to pay debts which had accrued during a period of unemployment.
>
> One of them said the first thing he was going to do was pay his landlord seven months' back rent.
>
> Another said his butcher and grocer had been carrying him a long time, and he was going to settle up with them; after that he was going to buy the "old lady" a dress and coat.
>
> Another said he had to have it to carry on the children's education.
>
> Still another said he was going to use the money to clean up his current bills around town, and get a fresh start.
>
> The sentiment underlying the answers to the reporters' question is the most significant thing.
>
> There was no indication that the money was going to be wasted or squandered.
>
> On the other hand there was a serious purpose to meet

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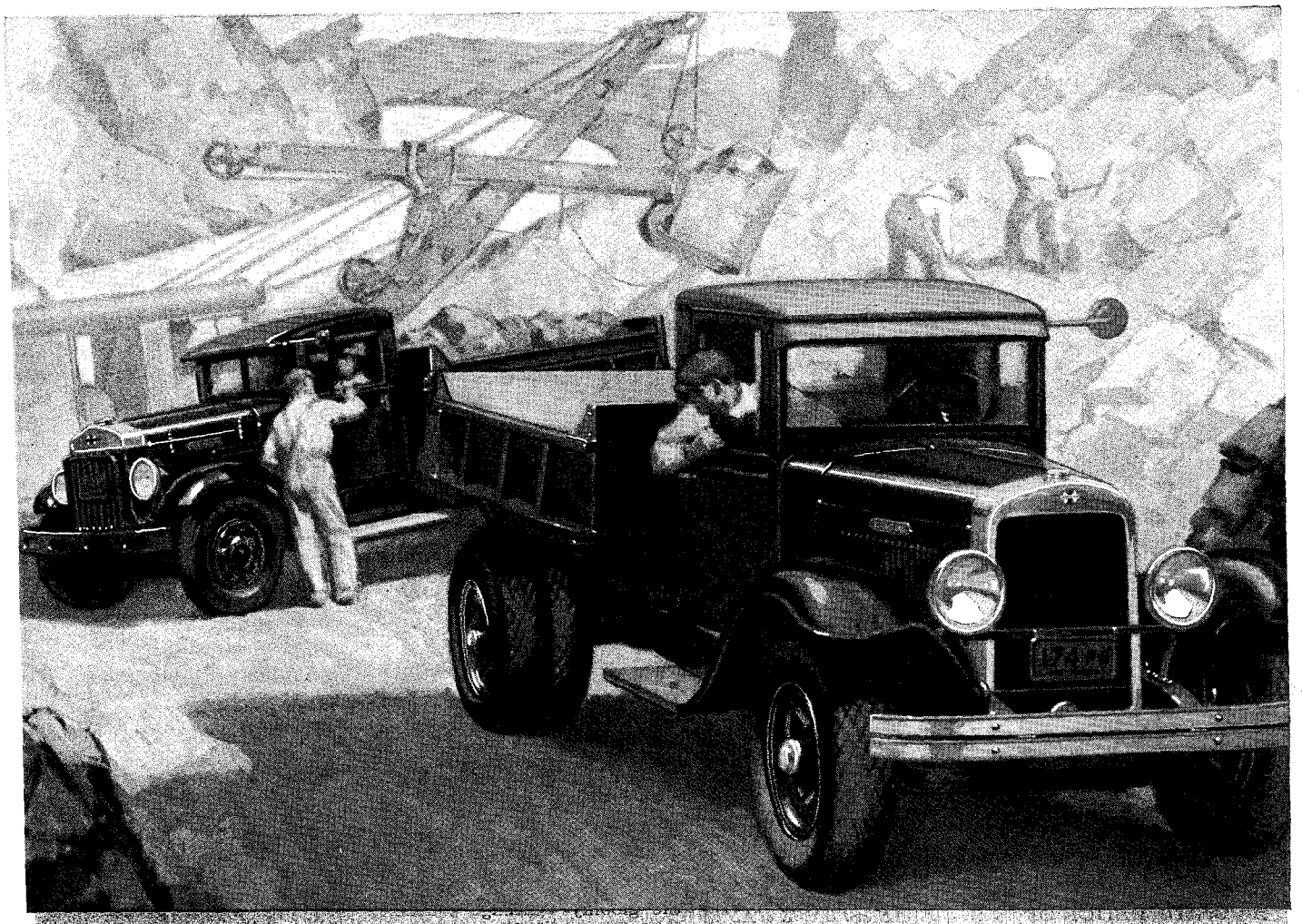

BUILDING THE HIGHWAYS OF PENNSYLVANIA

FROM the shores of Lake Erie across to Philadelphia stretches the Quaker State ... the beautiful "Sylvania" of William Penn ... a magnificent domain, great in history, great and strong in the present, and ever building for tomorrow.

This is a story of roads in Pennsylvania — a story of International Trucks. Pennsylvania knows full well that no state can afford to neglect her roads. She has gone on extending the vital arterials so that commerce may flow unobstructed and free. During 1930 over eighty million dollars were invested in major construction, replacement, and maintenance work by the Pennsylvania Department of Highways. Year after year more and more mileage opens to transportation.

During 1930, over seven hundred International Trucks helped to build the highways of this state alone — a surprising total, indicating the vogue of International haulage among construction men.

Pennsylvania is a difficult state for the road builder, as any man knows who knows the hills of Pittsburgh on the west, and the Alleghenies and the Blue Mountains toward the east. But good trucks are made for facing difficulties. Whatever the emergency, Internationals fill the bill and add to their reputation. Everywhere their owners attest their sterling performance and economy. Entrust your own hauling to trucks like these — they will give you both speed and stamina in good measure.

SERVICE HAS A LOT TO DO WITH IT

International Harvester maintains Company-owned branches at these points in Pennsylvania:

Altoona • Erie • Harrisburg
Philadelphia (2) • Pittsburgh
Reading • Scranton
Wilkes-Barre • Williamsport

Besides these, other Company-owned branches, just over the border, extend their service into Pennsylvania, and dealers are found everywhere close at hand. All over the United States International owners are served the same way.

The new International truck line includes trucks for every need: Special Delivery ¾-ton; Six-Speed Special, 1½-ton; Speed Trucks, 1½, 2, and 3-ton; Heavy-Duty Trucks, 2½, 3½, and 5-ton.

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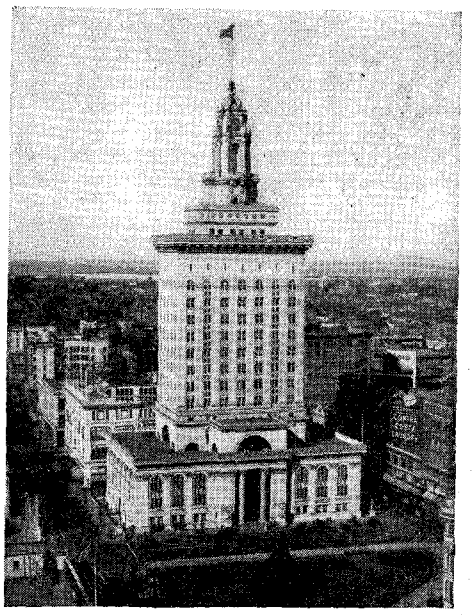

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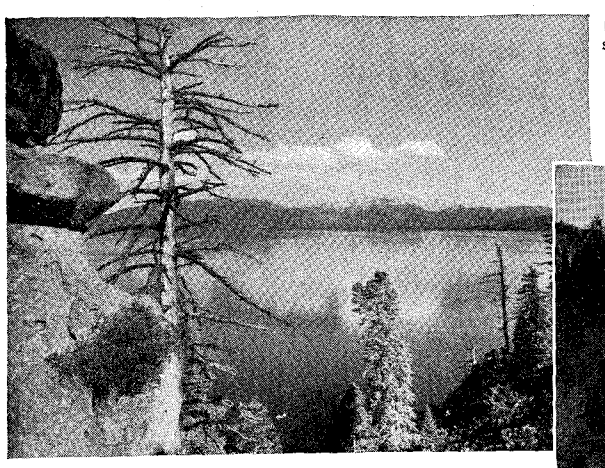
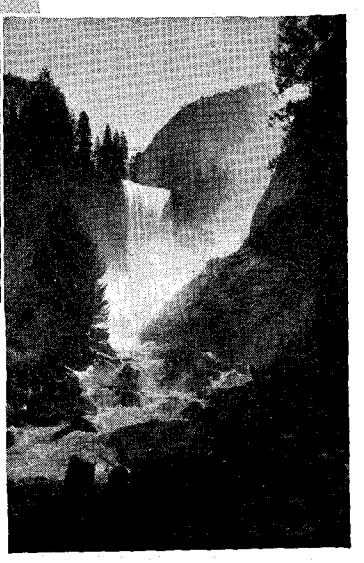


LAKE TAHOE, IN THE HIGH SIERRAS (KEYSTONE PHOTO)

BEAUTIFUL VERNAL FALLS IN YOSEMITE VALLEY (OAKLAND C. OF C. PHOTO)



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obligations; to pay debts; to fill the needs of wife and children; to get on his feet; to preserve his self-respect. With a spirit like this actuating the veterans, the opponents of this loan plan ought to feel pretty bad about the way they talked about upsetting the nation's finances by turning loose nearly a billion dollars among the veterans to squander.

It might be well to let the last word on this subject come from Washington. True plenty of veterans have been buying motor cars and radios, but, remarks Walker Stone in the Washington *News*, "a surprizingly large number of the veterans actually were in dire need of funds, and most of these have been paying out the borrowed money only for food, clothes, and other actual necessities."

An Idle Billion—and Work for It to Do

THERE is "more than a billion dollars of idle money in the United States to-day," declares a banker who believes that it would aid mightily in the return of prosperity if it could be put to work.

This sum, says Bertram O. Moody, Vice President of the First National Bank of Amherst, Massachusetts, is surplus money held by corporations far in excess of their reasonable or expectant needs. Mr. Moody writing in *The American Bankers Association Journal*, calls it idle, "because it cannot be invested permanently, and is being held in the form of bank deposits, cash money, or short-term securities."

In the recent years of great prosperity a change came over corporate financing. The big corporations before 1924 used to raise funds by borrowing at the banks and their borrowing was an important factor in the banking business. But—

With the coming of the prosperous years, corporations retired their bonds and preferred stocks and financed the increase in their plant capacity, chiefly by issuing rights to their stockholders—a legitimate and economical method of raising money. They even went beyond this point, and obtained money from their stockholders far in excess of their reasonable needs, to the extent that they became lenders of money instead of borrowers.

THE stockholder found it so profitable to exercise his "rights" that he borrowed from his bank or broker on the stock of his corporation as collateral. So—

The final result was that, by 1929, hosts of corporations were not only largely free from funded debt, bank loans, and preferred stock obligations, but were actually loaning money in the call money market while at the same time the individual stockholders were heavily in debt on loans secured by the stocks of these same corporations. That situation still exists to-day.

That is, the stockholders, instead of the corporations, are in debt to the banks; and the corporations, as Mr. Moody puts it

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are liquid beyond all possible needs, and our banks are loaded with collateral loans. We read on:

Now the difference between money furnished by stockholders and that obtained from a bank is that in the former instance the corporation is under no legal obligation to pay anything for its use nor to return the principal, whereas the bank insists on receiving interest, and expects to have the principal paid at a definite date.

Consequently many corporations, through the reduction or discontinuance of dividends, are paying nothing, or little more, to their stockholders for the use of their money; and what is worse, they are unable to use the money themselves in any profitable or permanently constructive manner.

Now comes the Massachusetts banker's suggestion for using this idle billion to improve business:

Let us suppose it were possible for corporations with excessive cash resources to distribute over a period of, say, the next year, enough cash to bring their current asset position down to a comfortable figure. This distribution might be in the form of dividends to stockholders, or an assurance of a weekly minimum wage to employees as long as possible, or both.

Probably a billion dollars could be released by this action—possibly more.

It is interesting to follow the possible results.

First would come a reduction of money held by corporations in banks and a like increase in money held by individuals. Much of this money would in turn be used by individuals to reduce their bank loans, largely secured by securities purchased at much higher prices than now prevail, and which are now being liquidated by the slow and painful process of taking money from current earnings month by month in a period when earnings, in many instances, are curtailed.

The reduction of collateral loans would release frozen credit in the banks, and they would resort to the bond market, the commercial paper channels, and the call money market, all of which would be far more liquid than collateral loans.

Furthermore, when business again started to expand, the corporations, not being so heavily endowed with money, would turn again to their banks and to the commercial paper market for funds, and the banks would have outlets for investment on a profitable basis. They would then be utilizing their resources as was originally intended—for the granting of commercial loans.

But not all the money so released would go toward the reduction of collateral loans.

Many people would buy securities; others would reduce mortgages on homes; others would buy life insurance or put money in the savings banks, and—what is still more sorely needed—there would be a tremendous amount of buying power released for the purchase of necessities and luxuries of all kinds. We need not go into a discussion as to what a portion of a billion dollars in buying power could accomplish in restoring prosperity.

Then it might be a good thing for the corporations themselves, continues the writer, since "the presence of large amounts of unnecessary money in corporate treasuries is not conducive to efficiency."

CAPITAL ACCUMULATION
—OR—
MAXIMUM DISTRIBUTION
—at the investor's option

WHETHER or not to accumulate one's capital, or to invest in a manner which will provide large current distributions, is a matter of the individual investor's needs and circumstances.

Corporate Trust Shares provide an excellent medium for either — they give to the holder an option of a Capital Accumulation Plan or a Maximum Distribution Plan—a flexibility enabling the investor to meet his own changing circumstances. If he wishes, he may use the larger distributions accruing from the Corporate Trust Share plan of operation for current needs. Or, if he prefers, he may build up his capital through reinvestment in additional trust shares. And under this method of capital accumulation he is more apt to maintain a better balanced investment which is obviously desirable in a long term holding.

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Illinois Central
Louisville & Nashville
New York Central
Pennsylvania Railroad
Southern Pacific
Union Pacific

Oils
Standard Oil of California
Standard Oil (Indiana)
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The Whale Challenges the Meat-Packer

EVERYBODY thought the whaling industry was doomed, but there has been such a rejuvenation in late years that, as John Mirt remarks in the Chicago *Journal of Commerce*, "when the lookout on a ship plying the South Atlantic cries, 'Thar she blows, his voice is heard out in Iowa."

This, it seems, is because the use of whale-oil for edible purposes has been increasing so fast that it is creating a serious problem for the meat-packers.

In fact, one of the big packing firms is quoted as saying in a report to the stockholders:

> With reference to the decline in exports of American lard to Europe, it may be noted that the enormous increase in the production of whale-oil during the last four years has seriously challenged the place long held by American lard on that market.
>
> The whale-oil industry has enlarged its volume over 300 per cent. since 1926, and now the manufacture of this commodity, which is widely used throughout European countries in making margarin, and in other ways as an edible fat, amounts to more than half the volume of lard produced in the United States.

WORLD whale-oil statistics explain the reason for this concern, continues the writer in the Chicago daily:

> In the 1919–20 season, there were produced 407,000 barrels of whale-oil each barrel amounting to 400 pounds In 1924–25, this had risen to 1,040,000 barrels, with production in subsequent years as follows: 1925–26, 1,152,000 barrels; 1926–27, 1,176,00; 1927–28, 1,319,000; 1928–29, 1,319,000.
>
> The world figures for 1929–30 are not available, but the South Seas crop alone amounted to 2,532,000 barrels, which compares with a production of 1,631,000 for that territory in the preceding season, and with 972,316 barrels three years before The capacity of the whaling fleet in operations in those seas this season is estimated at approximately 3,000,000 barrels.
>
> Originally, whale-oil, by reason of its odor, was used primarily for the manufacture of lubricants and in soap-making, but the ingenuity of a German chemist in developing the hydrogenation process resulted in the elimination of the fishy taste and made possible the substitution of whale-oil for lard in the manufacture of edible products, particularly margarin
>
> What has happened to the lard export of the United States?
>
> In 1929, the exports, including neutra lard, amounted to 847,867,918 pounds with a value of $107,976,396. In 1930, exports totaled 656,017,521 pounds, the value of which was $75,064,996. Lard, incidentally comprises about 11 per cent. of hog products.
>
> United States packers have tried to introduce whale-oil into this country, but the American public has not taken to margarin using that item as a base. However, whale oil evidently is displacing other fats in the production of soaps, for imports in 193 aggregated 9,955,088 gallons, as compare with 7,270,900 gallons the year before trade figures show.

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THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this column, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers who require immediate attention will receive it if they enclose a stamped return envelop. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

adjacent.—"A. D. A.," Washington, D. C.—The first illustration of the use of this term is from Lydgate, and dates from about 1430: "There were two countries thereto *adjacent*." Shakespeare, in "Antony and Cleopatra," wrote: "A strange, invisible perfume hits the sense of the *adjacent* wharfes."

The form *adjacent to* was used by DeFoe in his "Treatise on English Tradesmen," written in 1745, in which there occurs the following: "Those parts of Essex, Surrey, and Kent which lie *adjacent to* London." In logic *adjacent* has been used by Mill without the preposition: "With a reasonable degree of extension to *adjaceni* cases." One can refresh oneself at an *adjacent* inn or at the *adjacent* inn if one be *adjacent* thereto.

controller, comptroller.—"F. C.," San Francisco, Calif.—The story of the spelling of the word *controller* may be summarized in the comment that *comptroller* is a common official spelling of *controller*, based upon a false derivation. *Controller* is from the Old French *contre-role* or *rolle*, which is to be interpreted as meaning "a roll checked against," for *contre* means "against."

The term *comptroller* is to be found in Old French spelled *contrerolleor*, which in Anglo-French became *contrerollour*. In Middle English, this was reduced to the 15th century *counterroller*. The error in spelling referred to occurred through the first syllable being mistakenly supposed to be connected with the word *count*, which in itself, when ultimately traced, is derived from the Latin *computare*, "to reckon, calculate." But, the source from which we obtained the word was the Old French, not the Modern French which official scribes have affected since the 15th century. In this, the form *compter* has been retained to mean in French "to keep account of" or "count," while *conter* has been restricted to mean "to relate, to tell, to give an account of."

The spelling *comptroller* is erroneous and should not be accepted as correct from either chronological or linguistic points of view.

die is cast.—"O. L. L.," Denver, Colo.—The expression "*jacta est alea*," "the die is cast," was used by Julius Cæsar when crossing the Rubicon. He meant that it was done, that there was no turning back. Plutarch, in his "Life of Julius Cæsar," wrote: "When he arrived at the banks of the Rubicon, which divides Cisalpine Gaul from the rest of Italy . . . he stopped to deliberate. . . . At last he cried out 'The die is cast,' and immediately passed the river." The word *die* is, of course, the singular of the word *dice*.

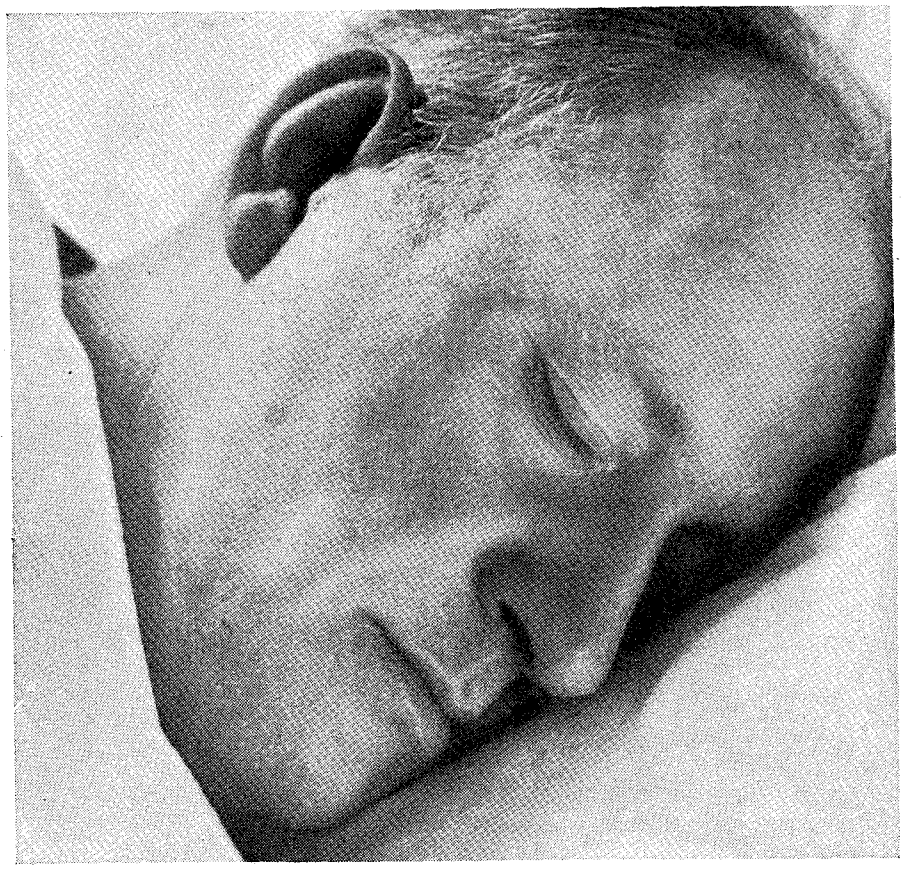
lady, woman.—"A. T.," Anamosa, Ia.—The term *woman* is used to designate an adult human being of the feminine gender. Originally the term was *wifmon* in the singular and *wifmen* in the plural. It stood for "wife-man" from 893 to 1175, when the form *wimman* was used, which was followed by *wymmon* in 1250. The modern form was established with the introduction of printing.

The term *lady*, designating the female head of a household, came into use in 825; therefore it preceded the term *woman* by at least three-quarters of a century. *Lady*, as the correlative of *lord*, came into use about the year 1000. About the year 1200 the term *lady*, used to designate a *woman* born to, holding, or occupying a superior position in society came into general use; but not until about the year 1860 was the term used to designate a woman of the refined habits, cultured manners, and clean mind characteristic of the upper classes of society.

night.—"F. D. E.," Salisbury, Md.—The correct way to spell this word is *night*. This spelling has been in use since printing established English forms. It may be found in Shakespeare's "Hamlet," act i, scene 5. This was written in 1602. Working backwards from that date, we have found *nyght* (English) and *nycht* (Scotch). The form *nyght* has been traced back to 1374, and *nycht* goes back to 1470, but its predecessor in 1375 was *nicht*. By King Alfred the word was spelled *niht* in about the year 888. Nowhere down the entire list of spellings, of which there have been no fewer than twenty-five different varieties, is such a spelling as *nite* recorded. It has neither rime, reason, nor literary support.

prevent.—"W. G. H.," Los Angeles, Calif.—The verb *prevent*, when used with the sense "to restrain," takes the preposition *from* and the gerund as the object of the preposition. This construction dates from 1689 and the first literary use is found in the Colonial Records of Pennsylvania, "Any expedient . . . for preventing further heats (from) arising upon such occasions." A noun used instead of the gerund is erroneous.

vigilante.—"H. L. McC.," St. Ansgar, Ia.—The correct pronunciation is *vig"i-lan'te*—first *i* as in *hit;* second *i* as in *habit;* *a* as in *art;* *e* as in *prey;* the *g* soft.



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YOU don't need to toss and turn and fret before you get to sleep tonight. You don't need to waken in the middle of the night and lose precious hours of rest.

If you want, you can get to sleep tonight almost as soon as you go to bed. And get 8 hours of sound sleep! Deep sleep! Natural sleep that really rests both mind and body!

You can do this without the use of anything remotely resembling a drug or sedative. So you wake up in the morning clear-eyed, fresh, "fit" for anything the day may bring.

A food concentrate called Ovaltine will do this for you, as it has for thousands before you. Produced under license in the United States according to the exact Swiss formula, Ovaltine is a delicious food-drink. You mix it with warm milk—drink it just before going to bed—and go to sleep. Then while you sleep, Ovaltine does several remarkable things for you.

Does Three Things

First, it induces sound, restful sleep by a *natural* process.

Second, it aids digestion, since it contains in high proportion a remarkable food property known as diastase, which is a natural food substance with the power to digest the starch content of other foods in your stomach. Ovaltine, because of its high proportion of diastase, will digest four to five times its own weight of other foods in your stomach. Thus it lifts a great burden from your digestive organs.

Third, it rebuilds worn-out nerve cells. Because it contains in concentrated form a nerve restorative called "lecithin" which is taken from eggs. And this rebuilds nerve tissues as you sleep.

During the World War, Ovaltine was used by the Red Cross as a standard ration for invalid, nerve-shattered soldiers.

Try It Tonight

Just try Ovaltine tonight. Note how quickly you go to sleep. See how differently you feel tomorrow. A few weeks' use of Ovaltine will make an amazing difference. Your whole appearance will *show* the result of this restful sleep and new vitality.

Take Ovaltine not only for sleeplessness, but whenever you feel nervous or rundown.

Thousands of people, on doctors' advice, also take it as a stomach "conditioner". So whenever you begin to "feel" your stomach, just take 4 teaspoonfuls of Ovaltine in a half glass of milk with your meal. You will be surprised at the way it helps your stomach and rests your stomach.

For Ovaltine, when taken with a meal, will digest the major portion of all the starch content of other foods you have eaten. In this way Ovaltine not only relieves distress but *actually helps* the cause of the trouble.

Also this is one of the reasons why Ovaltine helps to put you to sleep at night, for digestive unrest is one of the main causes of sleeplessness.

Start tonight! Just 'phone your druggist or grocer for a tin of Ovaltine. Mix 2 to 4 teaspoonfuls in a glass of warm milk and drink just before you go to bed.

Whatever you think of the claims made for Ovaltine, just try it! It has brought restful sleep and teeming energy to thousands. You'll be surprised at what it does for you.

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THE SPICE OF LIFE

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

Drop That Scrub-Brush.—"What must one do to have beautiful hands?"

"Nothing."—*Montreal Star.*

Language to Order.—"Make a sentence using the word evanescent."

"Well, well, well, evanescent my old friend Charlie!"—*Judge.*

When Girls Grow Miserly.—"Is your wife economical?"

"Sometimes. She had only twenty-six candles on her fortieth birthday cake last night."—*Boston Transcript.*

Cut Out the Danger Signal.—HE—"We're coming to a tunnel—are you afraid?"

SHE—"Not if you take that cigar out of your mouth."—*Tit-Bits.*

Taking the Lid Off.—"I want to do something that will draw out the conversational abilities of my guests."

"That's easy. Give a musicale."—*Pathfinder.*

Up Again, Down Again.—"It took eight sittings."

"What? Have you been having your portrait painted?"

"No, learning to skate."—*Boston Transcript.*

Sic 'Em, Cecil!—"It's time to get dog licenses again. You keep a dog, don't you?"

"No. If we hear a noise in the night, we bark ourselves."—*Royal Arcanum Bulletin.*

Dad's Motive Power.—Teacher was going to give an object lesson. "Tommy," she began. "Why does your father put up storm windows every fall?"

"Well," said Tommy, "Mother keeps at him until he finally gives in."—*Christian Register.*

For Doormat Husbands.—

A judge declares that home life needs
Cooperation—who'll deny it?
'Tis hard to bring the bacon home
And then to have to fry it.

—*Boston Transcript.*

Real Silver Lining.—SHE—"Jack, I was wrong to treat you the way I did. You'll forgive me, won't you, for being so angry with you all last week?"

HE—"Sure! That's all right. I saved $22 while we weren't on speaking terms."—*The Bull's Eye.*

Shocking Savagery.—EXPLORER—"I have made a remarkable discovery. A tribe of human beings that possess no weapon of warfare."

LISTENER—"Is that so? Didn't think there was any part of the world that uncivilized."—*Chicago News.*

Try a 5 lb. Iron Cross.—MRS. A (with newspaper)—"It says here that cooks are often decorated in France."

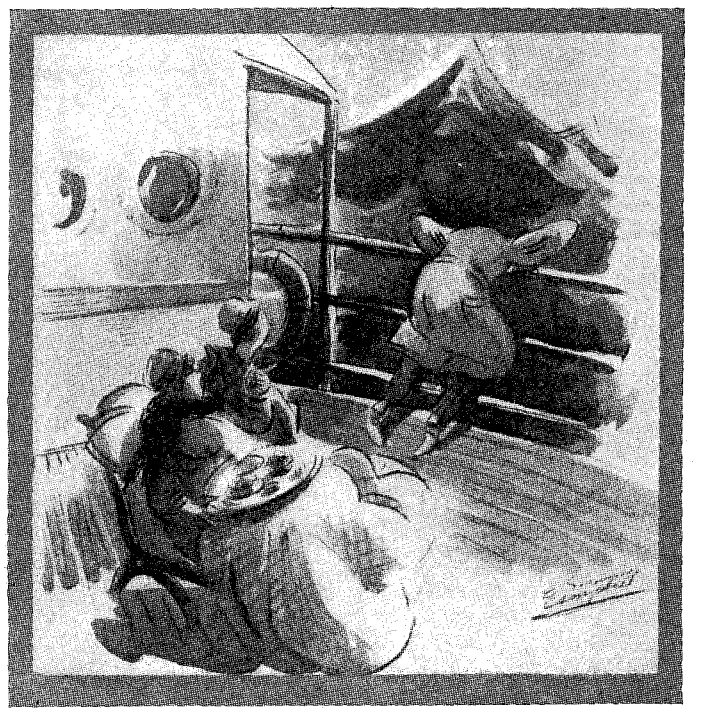
MR. A—"I sometimes feel like crowning the one we've got."—*Boston Transcript.*

No Flowers.—OLD CUSTOMER—"What's become of that assistant you had, Mr. Parks? Not defunct, I hope."

GROCER—"That he has, mum; with every penny 'e could lay his 'ands on."—*Vanity Fair.*

Better Quit.—A Bishop had been speaking with some feeling about the use of cosmetics by girls.

"The more experience I have of lipstick," he declared, warmly, "the more distasteful I find it."—*Fernie Free Press.*



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"Oh, I wouldn't dream of going without my doctor—there he is now."

—"Life."

Decorate with a Dab of Gravy.—

BEGGAR—"Madam, I have not seen a piece of meat for weeks."

LADY—"Mary, show this poor man a mutton chop."—*Nebelspalter (Zurich).*

Or What Have You.—Is it too late to report that last Sunday the announcer introduced Judge Lindsey over the radio as "an authority on marriage and divorce and crime in general?"—*New York Evening Post.*

Why, Look Who's Here!—Overheard at the station hotel:

"Beastly treacherous things these fogs—lost my way coming off the train last night and the next thing I knew I was at home."—*Passing Show.*

Toot! Blank! Dash! Toot!—LADY (at busy corner)—"Isn't it wonderful how a single policeman can dam the flow of traffic?"

HER ESCORT—"Yes, but you should hear some of the motorists that are held up."—*Boston Transcript.*

Slips That Pass in the Night

Pass the Cough-Drops.—At seven-thirty the choir will give a scared concert.—*Williamsburg (Ia.) paper.*

Put 'Em on the Spot.—

FIRST OF THE SEASON
MILK FED CAPONES
—*Ad in the Davenport (Ia.) Democrat.*

Check Your Pitchforks.—Mr. and Mrs. W. T. T—— motored here for their first winter and are with fiends at 917 A—— Avenue.—*Hamilton (Can.) Spectator.*

Why Worry?—$10 reward for the return of my lemon and white female who strayed from the Bethesda three weeks ago.—*Savannah Evening Press.*

Oh, Doctor!—

DR. J. A. W. H——
SHOWS NEED OF
CHRISTIAN LIFE
—*Allentown Chronicle.*

Headache Indicated.—

UNITED FRUIT
HEAD HITS
TARIFF WALLS
—*Head-line in the New York Evening Post.*

Waiter's Paradise.—"Any Inattention or Neglect on the part of the waiters if reported at the office would be deemed a favor by the management."—*Notice on the menu of a Gloucester (Mass.) hotel.*

Somewhere Around.—Lost—Pink silk slip, between 610 E. Market and Grand, or in alley between Spring and Market to Interstate office and back through alley to White House, or 909 E. Spring.—*New Albany (Ind.) paper.*

Full Stop.—After the operation he failed to rally, lapsing into a comma from which he never fully emerged.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Teaching the Mexicans a New Trick.—The third bull was killed by Lalanda and the fourth gored by Franklin.—*San Antonio Express.*

Take It or Leave It.—

FURNISHED ROOMS
WITH OR WITHOUT ALIMONY
—*Sign in front of a house in Sinaloa, Mexico.*

Enough for a Cemetery.—The Government sent twenty million dollars to California to aid the grape-growers The grape-juice is shipped sweet and instructions to let it turn to wine. President Hoover has 500 acres of these graves.—*Jerseyville (Ill.) paper.*

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